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A NATIONAL JOURNAL OF DISCUSSION

Edited by JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

VOL. 6 JULY 1930 No. 3

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THE GREEN-ROOM IV

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THE GREEN-ROOM

"Here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal"

CAN religion blend with modern science? The popular articles of Whitehead and Eddington are said to have aroused the hope, with many people, that it can. H. M. JOHNSON discusses the topic from the scientific laboratory worker's point of view. MR. JOHNSON was born in Missouri and graduated from the Missouri Valley College. He won his doctorate at the Johns Hopkins University where he specialized in psychology, physiology, and neurology. After several more years of investigative study and a period of war service, he taught psychology for four sessions, first at the University of Minnesota and then at the Ohio State University. For five years he has been with the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research at the University of Pittsburgh, directing an intensive investigation of sleep.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL in the epilogue to his most recently published romance, "The Way of Ecben," announced that having reached the age of fifty he was laying down his pen as the chronicler of Poictesme, that delectable province of romance. Whatever he meant by his words, there has been nowhere the disposition to see him in the rôle of Prospero breaking his wand—and Jurgen, one recalls, after certain experiences and many resolves sat down with a good appetite to his waffles and honey. In writing on Elinor Wylie, MR. CABELL has chosen an author whom he has long admired.

The article on the lobby in England grew out of a study, on the spot, of the English situation. E. PENDLETON HERRING investigated in several countries the various agencies through which industry, labor, agriculture, and other interests attempt to participate with their governments in legislation. MR. HERRING received his doctorate from the Johns Hopkins University and is an instructor in the faculty of government at Harvard. His recent volume, "Group Representation Before Congress," is a study of the lobby in the United States.

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LINCOLN MacVEAGH

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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* IV)

In printing anonymously "Chicago—Believe It or Not," the Virginia Quarterly for the first time in its history publishes an article without its author's name. The peculiar nature of the circumstances seems to justify this procedure; for the impersonality of anonymity leaves the writer greater freedom from restraint. The author has previously written on subjects relating to municipal government. Though practically all the facts cited have been printed in newspapers, there is presented here upon first-hand authority a summary of a situation that is astounding.

Geoffrey Johnson of Ely, England, has frequently published in the Virginia Quarterly since his first poem was printed in July, 1928. Frances M. Frost is a young poet of Vermont whose work has also appeared before in this magazine. Ernest Hartsock of Atlanta, Georgia, author of "Narcissus and Iscariot" and editor of the bimonthly poetry review, "Bozart," is one of the younger Southern poets. Francis Claiborne Mason, a Virginian now living in Pennsylvania, is the author of "This Unchanging Mask."

D. H. Lawrence died on March 2, 1930. His article "Nobody Loves Me" had been accepted some time before that date. "The Bogey Between the Generations," by Mr. Lawrence, which under a different title is the first article in his recent volume, "Assorted Articles," was printed in the January, 1929, Virginia Quarterly. Lawrence was almost equally well known as a novelist and poet, his "Collected Poems" having been printed in two volumes in 1929.

The author of the paper on "the competitive individualism of Woodrow Wilson" is the son of John Temple Graves. John Temple Graves, II, is a Princeton man who has known service in France both in the war and as an assistant to one of the Peace Commissioners. He has been on the editorial staff of newspapers in New York, Palm Beach, and

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The Green-Room

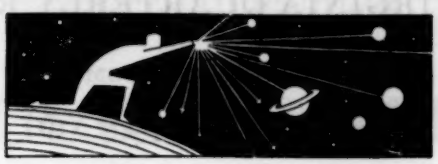
(*Continued from page* VI)

Jacksonville, and is now on the Birmingham News. For five years he was connected as economist with the Federal Trade Commission. He is the author of two books and has contributed to periodicals.

The latest publication of Robert P. Tristram Coffin is "Laud," a biography of the famous English bishop. "Where the World Had Gilt Upon It" is another essay in the vein of "The Three-Ring Farm" printed last January.

To the long list of novels which includes "Fortitude," "The Cathedral," "The Green Mirror," and "The Duchess of Wrexe," Hugh Walpole has recently added "Rogue Herries." One of the most popular of English novelists in America, he visits this country frequently.

The reviewer of the Clemenceau books, Herbert Heaton, is professor of history at the University of Minnesota. John Donald Wade, of the English department of Vanderbilt University, is the author of a brilliant biographical study of Augustus B. Longstreet. Babette Deutsch has frequently contributed verse to this magazine. Her volume, "Fire for the Night," is reviewed in this issue. Edward Wagenknecht is well known to our readers. Mr. Wagenknecht's book, "The Man Charles Dickens," was reviewed in April. Joseph Freeman, a graduate of Columbia University, is a newspaper man living in New York. He knows Russia intimately, and a friend of the Green-Room, who knows his work, said of him, "He has read every single book on Russia that has come out in the last twenty years." Scott Buchanan was formerly assistant director of the People's Institute of New York. He is author of two books, "Possibility" and "Poetry and Mathematics." William Sener Rusk, writer and lecturer on the history of art, of Wells College, has written before for the Virginia Quarterly. Harcourt, Brace and Company are publishing this summer Vin-



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THE GREEN-ROOM

(*Continued from page* VIII)

CENT SHEEAN'S novel, "Gog and Magog." MR. SHEEAN has been correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance during the Riff War, the Chinese Revolution, in Russia, and in Palestine. FREDERICK P. MAYER of the University of Pittsburgh and HOWARD MUMFORD JONES have contributed frequently to the Virginia Quarterly. MR. JONES is leaving his professorship of English at the University of North Carolina to join the faculty of the University of Michigan. The brief discussion of the poems of John Masefield, the recently appointed poet-laureate of England, is by the editor of the Virginia Quarterly.

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

Edited by JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

Advisory Editors

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW is published at the University of Virginia: in April, July, October, and January. Subscription rates: $3.00 the year. Canadian, $3.25; Foreign, $3.50. Single copies, 75 cents.

Contributions should be accompanied by postage for return and addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW, University, Virginia. The University of Virginia and the Editors do not assume responsibility for the views expressed by contributors of articles.

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PETER QUINCE ON THE SIDE LINES

"If we offend, it is with our good will"—Peter Quince

MORE than almost anything else, I like to watch literary battles. Not that I am a naturally pugnacious or argumentative fellow—no, I do not like to engage in publishers' and authors' conflicts, and I couldn't afford to do it even if I liked to. My job is just to try to crawl from beneath the stacks of books that are thrown at me—and that's quite a battle in itself! But when a really good fight develops among those who write or those who print books, I do like to climb into the bleechers and cheer both sides on. And just now there are three good-sized wars going on—over Humanism, Dollar Books, and *Frank Notch's* "King Mob" (Harcourt. $2.00)! It's just like a three-ring circus. The latest development in the Humanistic affray is an anthology edited by *C. Hartley Grattan,* called "The Critique of Humanism" (Brewer and Warren. $3.50), which is the answering blast to *Norman Foerster's* anthology "Humanism in America" (Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50). Among the essayists in opposition are Lewis Mumford, Henry Hazlitt, and Allen Tate. Now I suppose it's up to the Humanists to write another book, or discover that some famous writer whom we had always thought was just a writer was really a Humanist. It looks as though they intended to fight it out if it takes all summer. The Dollar Book battle is quite a bit closer to economic reality. Four publishers have announced that they are going to publish new novels at a dollar and a dollar and a half apiece. The wide popularity that dollar reprints have had makes them believe that they can make up in the volume of sales what they lose by the lower price. Other publishers have just issued a manifesto stating their belief that the present system of two-fifty for new novels and one dollar for reprints is still the best system. This will be a good battle to witness next fall, when the heavy publishing starts. I am very

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much excited at the prospect of seeing this modern tourney fought out in the lists! "King Mob" has started a fair-sized squabble in the literary world because it uses real names in accusing publishers and book-clubs of "panicking" the public into buying books. Incidentally, it is a brilliantly written short study of the mob spirit in the modern world, though it should be taken with a large amount of critical salt.

Meanwhile the book-clubs seem to thrive, and novels at two-fifty are still being bought. *Joseph Hergesheimer* has discovered Suburbia in "The Party Dress" (Knopf. $2.50), though I don't think it comes up to the standard of his earlier novels. Other novels by established authors which will readily find readers are *Hugh Walpole's* "Rogue Herries" (Doubleday. $2.50), *William McFee's* "North of Suez" (Doubleday. $2.50), and *Donn Byrne's* "A Party at Baccarat" (Century. $1.25)—the last a short novel which some time ago appeared serially but now makes its first bow as a book. Among novels by new authors I pick out *Anne Green's* "The Selbys" (Dutton. $2.50), *Jonathan Daniels'* "Clash of Angels" (Brewer and Warren. $2.50), and *Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's* "The Trader's Wife" (Coward-McCann. $2.00) for those who prefer fiction that is different. *Anne Green,* of course, is *Julian Green's* sister, and she apparently wrote "The Selbys" for that group which does not like her brother's novels. It is an entertaining light novel, and should make a good companion for a summer in France. "Clash of Angels" is not for the pious but should appeal to those who do not mind reading a bit of satire on the major and minor deities. *Miss Mackenzie*'s book is much more than a novel for a season—an exotically beautifully and intensely moving tragedy of an exquisitely sensitive woman who goes with her husband to the heart of slave-trading Africa. "Axelle," by *Pierre Benoit* (Dial. $2.50) is another highly distinctive novel—additionally unusual because it is a war story written by a Frenchman which has for its heroine a Prus-

(Continued in advertising section at the back.)

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. 6 JULY 1930 No. 3

CAN RELIGION BLEND WITH MODERN SCIENCE?

BY H. M. JOHNSON

I

IF a cultured person should wish to know more about any of the distinctive concepts or propositions of religion, he probably would not think of seeking his information in an article on modern science. In all his experience, he has not yet encountered an instance in which scientific discourse and religious discourse were successfully blended; nor would it be strange if he suspected that their blending is impossible.

A great many experts have been offering to explain the fact that these two systems of discourse are disjoined. Most of them insist that it is unnecessary to keep them separated. Many of them say that the inconsistency that one seems to find between the two is apparent rather than real; and that it will surely vanish as soon as both systems shall have been perfected. Between a complete and "genuine" science on the one hand, and a complete and "true" religion on the

other, it is inconceivable, so they tell us, that there should be any conflict. Indeed, they say, it would be most unfortunate for both science and religion if they were thought of as being opposed to each other in any essential respect.

These arguments are now well worn. Some of us have read them so often that we now skip them whenever we find that they are about to be presented. And yet, they are certainly debatable—so much so that we ought to examine them very carefully before we allow them to be used on us again. If we should look into them carefully, I think we shall find that there is good ground for considering quite a different view of the case, which may be outlined in this manner:

Scientific discourse and religious discourse are distinguished from each other by the fact that they are framed so as to satisfy two distinct sets of *axioms*. Certain axioms of one system contradict certain axioms of the other system. A "reconciliation" would therefore require that one system, the other system, or both systems should be destroyed. If one desires to preserve both systems, the only logical way of doing it is to recognize that both of them cannot be entertained at the same time.

We shall have to weigh these assertions in order; but inasmuch as the first one deals with axiomatic propositions, we might pause long enough to recall what an axiom, in general, is.

An axiom is a proposition that is accepted without debate in order to give form to a discussion. We often talk as if we refrain from debating it because its truth is self-evident —as if no proof that might be offered in its favor is more convincing than its mere statement would be. So we were told in high school, but, as Professor Eddington has remarked, this view is universally rejected nowadays. Many axioms in geometries and algebras are not convincing of themselves; neither can one prove them by any of the other standards of the system in which they are accepted. Axioms

in themselves are neither true nor false; they are nothing but arbitrary assumptions. A proposition in geometry is said to be "proved," if it is shown that it satisfies the axioms of the system; but there is no way of proving the axioms themselves. If we should replace any of the axioms in Euclid's geometry by a proposition that denied it, but which yet contradicted none of his other axioms, we should get, as a result, a *different* geometry from Euclid's, but not a false geometry. From time to time in the past 109 years, a variety of such geometries have been so constructed, each of which is internally consistent, and each of which can be used, more or less conveniently, for describing tracts of land. Some descriptions, indeed, can be made more conveniently in other systems than in Euclid's, but that is not the point that concerns us.

I have mentioned these facts to emphasize that axioms are not things before which we are to bow down and worship. They are in fact instruments of our own creation; being nothing but arbitrary rules for determining the form of our description or other procedure. Without some such set of rules, we should get nowhere. The selection of one set rather than another may rest entirely on the convenience of him who makes it.

Let us turn to a more familiar example than a formal science. In any game of cards, the evaluation of the various cards is axiomatic. In the game of Bridge Whist, we arbitrarily declare that the ace in a trump suit shall win any trick on which it may legally be played. In the game known as Five Hundred, we arbitrarily say that three other cards, namely, the joker, the right bower, and the left bower, shall supersede the ace. The latter game is an orderly game, but it is not Bridge Whist; if we should employ no rule of valuation, or if we should try to employ both of these rules at once, we would find that we had no game at all.

It is precisely the same with a description of the facts of experience: unless we select *some* axioms, or descriptive

rules, the thing will have no form; if we observe one set of rules, we have a scientific description; if we take another set, we have a religious description; if we take still another set, we may have a romantic description, and so on. Whatever sort of description is made, it is to be deemed valid or true, if it presents all the facts in such a manner as to satisfy a complete set of axioms or rules. This criterion implies, of course, that the truth of a proposition is never absolute; but is relative to the formal rules that were chosen arbitrarily.

In saying that some particular religious doctrine is based on a set of axioms, nobody means to suggest that the author of the doctrine first drew up a formidable system of postulates, and then deduced his points of doctrine from them, after the manner of the inventor of a geometry or a card-game. All that is meant is that he states his doctrine in a form that satisfies certain propositions that may be considered as axioms; and that if he should alter his statement so that it contradicted any of these propositions, it would lose its distinctive character.

II

To establish the main point of the unpopular argument that I have cited, it is unnecessary to list all the axioms of universal science and all the axioms of a typical religion and compare the two lists. If a single axiom of one system of discourse should be found to contradict any axiom of another system, the two systems are not compatible with each other. We shall therefore limit the discussion; we shall consider two propositions that are said to be accepted as axioms in universal science and rejected as axioms of the most typical systems of Judaism and Christianity.

Scientific procedure observes a rule that is often called the axiom of *determinism,* or of the "uniformity of nature." It might be stated thus: *If two or more isolated physical systems have identical configurations at present, and identical histories within a limited but immediate past, their future performances will be identical.* This proposition is a fact of

assumption. It has never been proved, and we now know that it never will be, for there are no possible operations by which we can derive a perfectly exact description of the configuration of any physical system. Even within the uncertainties of physical experiment (which are never infinitesimal) the assumption has been justified for only a small portion of the universe. Nevertheless, the scientist insists upon working by it. Not only does he apply it to non-living physical systems; he uses it to justify the researches of the biochemist and the biophysicist. Even such an act as human volition is conceived as an activity of a system of mechanisms, each of which acts according to rigid laws of mechanics. The fact that the behavior of so complex a system has thus far resisted analysis is laid to one of two assumptions: (1) the system is too complex to permit us to describe it readily in terms of our present-day geometry of time and space; or (2) as Professor G. N. Lewis has hinted, it may turn out that the system is simple enough, only we have chosen the "wrong" geometry in which to describe it. However that may be, it is assumed that there is nothing *capricious* in the system. It may prove to be too complicated a puzzle for a human investigator to decipher, but it is not too sacred for him to attempt.

Now for aught we know, the world of observable fact may not be a single orderly world. It may be that the order that we discern is an order that we imposed upon the system, by our selection of facts that fit into our predetermined forms, and by our rejection of all the rest. There may be a capricious Providence interfering with the world outside our skins, and a capricious Will—a sort of minor Providence—interfering with the world within them. But scientific rules forbid us from considering such a possibility. Why? Because that would give us a perfectly good excuse to stop our search whenever we might become baffled; and experience has shown that if we had stopped at other such times, we would have stopped too soon. We cannot reject the

axiom of determinism as long as we are to continue in scientific endeavor.

How does the notion of a rigidly determined universe fit into such religions as conventional Judaism and Christianity? None too well. It is introduced into one chapter of the Westminster Confession, in which we are assured that the whole course of events is already established, or determined. To be sure, it is not necessarily determined by its own past, according to laws that man can discover; it is determined by the deliberate, uncoerced, and prescient foreordination of God, who has not fully revealed his plans. Nevertheless, it is all thoroughly determined—even the actions of human will were foreknown and foreordained. But even this notion of determinism did not seem to work, for it is restricted, in other parts of that document, by the equivocal use of names. I know of no better example in any modern religion of western civilization.

Certainly we reject the notion of an intervening Providence when we adopt the axiom of uniformity; we dare not entertain it for a moment in our scientific endeavors. How would it do, for instance, in a case like this: an experimenter gets a set of results that do not satisfy the formula that everybody at the present time treats as a "law." Instead of saying that the supposed law is not the true one, and then hunting for one to which these results, as well as earlier results, conform, he says, "Well, let us suppose that Providence has intervened in this one instance; and but for that intervention, the old formula would still hold." If he did so, he would no longer hunt for the more generally valid law; whereas if he sought it he might possibly find it. He must allow himself no excuses for not seeking. But it is also certain that you cannot be the particular object of God's intervening care if nature invariably observes a set of impersonal laws. It is nonsense to talk as if both of these assertions were tenable at the same time. I have examined a good many attempts to "reconcile" the axiom of deter-

minism with axioms of divine freedom, human freedom, or material freedom; all of them proved to depend on the use of the logical fallacy called Equivocation.

While one simply cannot proceed in scientific endeavor without relying on the axiom of determinism, one cannot enact some of the most distinctive rites of Judaism or of Christianity without rejecting it. While you retain it, how can you expect a successful result in case you should pray for such things as rain, for fair weather, for a fruitful harvest, for the comfort of absent people who are in sorrow, for the recovery of a sick person who is not present, for the conversion of the heathen, for the endowment of the President and the Congress with grace and wisdom, for protection during the night, for the protection of those at sea from rocks, fire, storms, and enemies? It is rather puzzling to hear some of the reasons that the "rational religionist" gives for praying for events which he believes to be uninfluenced by human desires.

The other axiom of universal science which these typical religions reject is the criterion of the validity of knowledge. Science rejects all propositions as allegations of fact, unless they can either be validated by common observation, or else inferred, by the rules of conventional logic, from the results of common observation.

On the other hand, the most typical forms of Judaism and of Christianity maintain that there is a third kind of knowledge which is also valid—knowledge that does not depend on observation or on reasoning, but supersedes the knowledge that does. It is upon a claim to the possession of this third, and mystical, kind of knowledge that they base their most effective claims to authority. It may be well to recount some of the various sources of mystical knowledge that have been alleged.

One source is said to be *intuition*. Its results are supposed to be validated by the mere "feeling of assurance" that attends them. Such a plea is not lacking even in as nearly ra-

tionalistic a religion as Unitarianism. If the question at issue is grand enough, such a feeling of assurance may be designated as a sign of Divine Revelation to the individual, or of the Testimony of the Holy Spirit. According to the Westminster Confession, it is by such means that one is assured of the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and of the correctness of his private interpretation of them.

Now in a religious setting, this doctrine seems to be appropriate. But suppose that while I am engaged in a scientific experiment, I should develop such an inward feeling of assurance about the way my results should come out; and suppose that my observations contradicted the assurance. How would it do for me to proclaim that the facts accorded with my intuition, instead of telling what I observed? A system that admitted such a guarantee of truth would resemble no science that we now recognize as such. I do not mean to say that the scientist is "right," in any absolute sense, in rejecting the axiom of intuitive knowledge; but I do insist that he could not accept it without destroying his system.

But intuition and private revelation do not exhaust the list of alleged sources of mystic knowledge. It is claimed that we may also acquire the results of intuition at second hand. For instance, there are the utterances of an infallible prophet or leader; the assertions of an infallible collection of writings; or the official decisions of a priesthood, whose origin antedates its written history, and which is accepted as an infallible fact-finding body in matters spiritual. The claim last mentioned appears to be the most convincing of all; although all of them may reduce, directly or indirectly, to special instances of intuition. I shall not debate any of these claims here; but shall repeat that if a science should accept any of them it would thereby commit suicide.

But what kind of religion would it be that did not claim the possession of any form of mystic knowledge? It would be rationalistic and, I fear, rather uninteresting. Probably, it would not be very procreative, either. A successful claim

to religious authority should be put into such form that nobody can successfully question it, and few will care to try. Claims that rest on axioms which are not accepted in science have one quite valuable property: *they cannot be decided by scientific tests.* Their settlement therefore can never become a scientific problem.

III

I have endeavored to show that these typical forms of religion contradict scientific systems, by denying some of the axioms of the latter. By affirming an intervening Providence and a free human will, they deny the axiom of uniformity of nature. By affirming the validity of mystic knowledge, they reject the scientific standard of "truth." Now we learn in elementary logic that there is no possible way of reconciling a contradiction. It is futile to attempt a compromise on these points. You either accept an axiom and thereby deny its contradictory, or else you reject it and thereby accept its contradictory.

Are we then to conclude that one cannot be a scientist, and also a religionist? Hardly. The proper conclusion is that he cannot be both *at the same time.* Such an attempt would be as absurd as trying to play a game of cards according to the rules of Bridge Whist, and also according to the rules of Five Hundred, at the same time. He cannot do it, because their rules conflict. But at any time he tires of one game, he may reject its axioms, or rules, and adopt the other set. The choice between scientific and religious rules depends on exactly the same principle, even though the comparison may seem trifling. The axiomatic rules of scientific activities and of religious activities are alike *arbitrary.* Any proposition in science is strictly relative to the axioms of the system. It is precisely so in religion. Reject the axioms of an intervening Providence, of a free will, of the validity of mystic knowledge, and you remove the rational basis from the most distinctive doctrines and practices of these religions. The scientist, while working at his trade, must reject these

dogmas, and replace them with a more convenient set of assumptions. This change makes a radical difference in the way he talks about things: it also makes all of his assertions highly *conditional.* Likewise the assertions of the religionist: they are not absolutely true or false, but are made so by a choice of the axioms by which they are to be tested.

The proposal that one turn from a religious system of discussion and practice to a scientific system and back again has been derided. Philosophers have given the practice a contemptuous name. They call it "dividing the mind into thought-proof compartments," and thereby make it sound like something that one ought to be ashamed of. But this is exactly the procedure that we observe whenever we play Contract Bridge instead of Auction Bridge or Five Hundred; whenever we talk (after the manner of Copernicus) about the earth's rotation toward and away from the sun, instead of talking (according to the fashion of Ptolemy) about the sun's revolving about the earth; whenever we describe a tract of land in terms of Euclid's geometry instead of one of the geometries of Riemann; whenever we decide to treat the expression 100 as meaning ten groups of ten members each, instead of twelve groups of twelve members each, or nine groups of nine members each (as we should have to do if we had not rejected the laws of duodecimal and nonesimal number-systems when we adopted the decimal system); whenever we "interpret" a clause in the federal constitution according to the rule of Justice Taney instead of the rule of Alexander Hamilton. In brief, we do just this whenever we decline to entertain, at the same time, any propositions or doctrines that contradict each other. In all other situations this method is considered to be demanded by logic; it hardly becomes the philosopher to taunt us with using it here. If he can invent a system of rules that will give the generality and simplicity of description that the scientist aims after, while bringing into emotions and ap-

preciative attitudes the order that the religionist desires, perhaps, if it seemed to be otherwise all right, all of us might be willing to give it a trial. Meanwhile, he should not murmur if we choose our system according to the use that we intend to make of it at the time. That is exactly what we do, and what we should do, until a better way shall appear.

IV

Meanwhile, it may seem that some people are losing too much sleep over the fact that the scientist and religionist insist on talking in different languages, and that the same person varies his language as he turns from one rôle to the other. For my own part, I should regret to have to describe my observations of human and animal behavior according to the rules employed by St. Thomas Aquinas. I probably could do it, somehow; but it would make me too much extra work. I should like it no better to have to phrase them in terms that satisfied the tenets of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's admirable group, or even in terms of the "strictly rational religion" that has been proposed by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes. For scientific description is provisional; it is relative to its axioms, and to the operations by which its workable concepts are defined. At the present time, for example, the mere adoption of Professor Bridgman's operational rule of definition is promising to work as profound a revolution in the biological and social sciences as is now occurring in the field of physics: concepts, propositions, and doctrines that have been fashionable for generations are utterly swept away. Scientific fashions will change whenever its needs are modified; and in the recent past, these changes have been radical, sudden, and frequent. When the scientist finds them called for, he does not wish to consider anything but his own needs. If scientific fashions were a part of any religion, they would probably acquire an emotional significance for religionists; and as Mr. Walter Lippmann has noted, whenever the scientist should consider making a

change of fashion, he then would have to take account of its probable effects on the emotions of non-scientists—old people whom he might not desire to offend, and others. All this would be very awkward for him. He should not desire that any religion that is important in numbers or influence should adopt his present system of doctrine as it stands. He might wish to modify or abandon it long before the religionists might be ready, and they might object.

But would it not be just as bad for religion if it should adopt any of the dogmas of science? Religion seems to thrive best on permanent fashions. It is hard to introduce any formal innovations without creating new heresies and schisms. All religious doctrines and practices tend to assume a rigid form in time: what would be the status of a religion which depended, or which seemed to depend, on scientific dogmas that science itself had cast aside? I think Mr. Lippmann is correct in saying that nothing could be deader than those scientifico-religious cults that science has deserted. This consideration seems to have escaped some of the clergy, who have appeared flattered by the approach of a group of distinguished men of science, bearing olive branches in their hands and offers of "reconciliation" upon their lips. Their intentions are noble enough to meet the most exacting standards; but what they have to propose is virtually that the religionists should reject the axioms that distinguish their discourse from other discourse. I do not contend that this would necessarily be a bad thing, but I doubt if many people would recognize these doctrines after they have been so recast.

If this presentation of the case is correct, then religious discussion and scientific discussion cannot blend. I should like to comment on the misgivings that some religionists have developed with respect to that idea. As a scientist, I haven't the slightest objection against a preacher presenting his case from the standpoint of a romanticist, a poet, or a mystic. If he should then fail to present it effectively, the reason

will be that he uses bad poetry and inferior mysticism. Such a mode of presentation, if properly used, is far more likely to set up a habit of appreciation, of sympathy, and perhaps of acquiescence in certain human relationships than an appeal to reason would be. This fact seems to be rather clearly apprehended by the Catholic group; and much less clearly by the Protestants. Perhaps it is the former group that have the greatest assurance of the validity of mystical knowledge. I suspect that the Catholic leaders, both Roman and Anglican, are now pretty well convinced that as long as the aesthetic and emotional habits of a group are firmly bound to religious practice, their loyalty to the church will not be greatly affected by the formation of new intellectual habits, and particularly by the pursuit of science. Thus they can afford to be placid. Perhaps this is why Catholic temper now seems to be more cordial toward scientific endeavor than Protestant temper.

If religious discourse and scientific discourse are based on two different sets of axioms, they have in general two different tests of truth. It is therefore as absurd to submit a religious dogma to test by the axioms of science as to proceed conversely. The religionist who invites such a test resorts to poor tactics. He joins, let us say, in the prayer of St. Chrysostom: "Almighty God, who . . . dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name, thou wilt grant their requests: . . ." What is his evidence—scientific or mystic? Scientific evidence would consist of a census of a world of events, classified (a) according as they were prayed for or not; and (b) according as they occurred or not. When was such a census taken? Was it adequate? Did it yield a correlation between praying and occurrence, non-praying and non-occurrence? If so, how probable is the fulfillment of requests of any given class: one in 100,000; 99,999 in 100,000, or what? Of course, there is no answer to such questions that would satisfy a scientific standard of proof. No such evidence has been gathered. A

religious leader who proposed to gather it would be disparaged. So would a scientist—I, for one, would think that if he were really capable, he could find a better way of employing his time; for even if the experiment were to be properly made, its results would probably have no effect on human practices. If a doctrine or a practice is not actually based upon an appeal to reason, it will not be much affected by the answer to that appeal.

Finally, the religionist may consider the following prophecy in making his plans: scientists generally will continue to work, and to describe the fruits of their efforts, in accordance with the rules that suit them best, and will alter those rules whenever it appears that a change will simplify their work. However they may put the matter verbally, they will continue to employ the axiom of determinism, and to reject the axiom of mystic knowledge. The religionist can do nothing to stop these practices. Will he allow them to injure his cause?

Whether he does or not will depend, in my opinion, on his ability to see that science and religion cannot blend and cannot logically interact. If he can perceive this clearly, and relate his doctrine to its own proper basis, it will probably persist as long as it supplies a widespread aesthetic, appreciative, and emotional need.

SANCTUARY IN PORCELAIN

A Note as to Elinor Wylie

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

IN ANY regarding of the career of Elinor Wylie, it is most human to ask, What would she have done next? The question is profitless, alike in that it can have no answer and in that even if the answer were in some miraculous way provided it would be to us of no more benefit than are last week's radio programs. With that peculiar sort of logic which distinguishes men from the higher apes as decisively as from the lower angels, one is drawn here to guess futilely at the unknowable, very much as Elinor Wylie herself was drawn to guess, through two whole novels, at the fine things which a spared Shelley would have done after 1822.

With Elinor Wylie the poet—I mean, with the poet who wrote in verse—I plan no traffic. I can find in her verses nothing very remarkable, but then that has for many years been my attitude toward everyone's verses, all the long way from Hesiod's and Pindar's to Mr. Edgar Guest's and my own. The tale runs otherwise as concerns that more urbane, that more prismatic, and in brief that so much more poetic poetry which, after the fashion of reformed and civilised poets, Elinor Wylie wrote in prose form. To no other woman save only Helen of Troy and that unaccountable person who imprudently married me have I been indebted for more of fond delight and of unanswered surmise.

For I had the good luck to rank, along with Sinclair Lewis and Carl Van Vechten, as one of the "discoverers" of "Jennifer Lorn," in the autumn of 1923, and to commend this story in the public prints (according to the testimony of my scrapbooks) as "compact of color and legerity and glitter." I

find also that through the courtesy of Elinor Wylie's publishers I was likewise enabled at this time to praise in innumerous advertisements "the wistful humors and the fine prose" of "Jennifer Lorn." Then it was later my fortune to be, I think, the only unsilent admirer of "The Venetian Glass Nephew," in the days when Elinor Wylie was dreeing the inevitable weird of every author who has scored an unlooked-for triumph in a more or less new vein—which is, of course, to hear that the successful book's successor is nothing like so good. To my mind all conceivable exploits in the way of fantastic romance then seemed to lie well within the compass of this woman's refined and impeccant ability.

Much changes, however, both within and about us, during the course of seven years. And since time, like an insane thief, robs all of all grief and disappointment eventually, there is now no hurt in conceding that "The Orphan Angel," when it was published in 1926, affected me very much as, in the cliché at least, does a bucket of cold water full in the face. "The Orphan Angel" really did appear a most inane wasting of wood pulp even for the Book of the Month Club to be inflicting upon its broken-spirited customers. I raged before "The Orphan Angel." I declared, as I still think, that the writing of "The Orphan Angel" was one of the most gloomy errors in all literary history. Yet out of an honest desire to avoid overstatement, I must humbly confess that, after six most conscientious onslaughts, I have not ever been able to read "The Orphan Angel"; and so perhaps speak upon insufficient information.

When "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" appeared in 1928, then before the dreadful forerunning rumor that yet again Elinor Wylie had rescued Shelley from the Mediterranean the hearts of the merely rational sank. Yet I at least read tentatively; and was thus allured into a peace without victory. These pleasant and innocuous doings at Lyonnesse and Gravelow by no means revealed the Elinor Wylie of her first two romances; but that reflection was drowned, as this pertinacious woman simply would not permit Percy

Bysshe Shelley to be drowned upon any terms, in the glad relief of noting that, even so, in this pensive galamatias of raspberries and Greek grammars and cream buns was nowhere involved the planet-struck Elinor Wylie of her third romance. In fine, one found all rather more than satisfying, in a relatively unimportant fashion; and common-sense did not demand over much of an author convalescing from a seizure so alarming as had been manifested in "The Orphan Angel." It is upon her fifth story, I said, that the career of Elinor Wylie will pivot. Then came the news of her death and the knowledge that there would be no fifth story. Her progress stayed forever inconclusive. God alone, if one dare cite an authority so far out of touch with current literature, can say what Elinor Wylie would have done next.

I elect to believe that had more of life been granted to her she would have gone on to write yet other books as preeminent in their own ornate way as are "Jennifer Lorn" and "The Venetian Glass Nephew." I confess that my conviction here is not quite so strong as it is valueless. One cannot wholly put out of mind how very, very freely, in that disastrous "Orphan Angel," Elinor Wylie had shown fatal gifts for being ineffectively humorous, and for confounding with the quaint that which to the candid seems unmistakably dull, and for reaching flat bathos where her avowed aim was seraphic beauty—and all this too in connection with an unbridled incapacity for self-criticism. Elinor Wylie honestly believed, as but too many of her friends learned at the cost of all friendship, that "The Orphan Angel" was an excellent fantasy made up of her finest endeavors.

Yet that delusion hardly matters now. One or two other authors have been known to extend the imperfections of their writing into their evaluations of it; and oblivion has triumphed where the Mediterranean failed. The dead past has swallowed tranquilly its dead, among whom I estimate to be that not ever really alive "Orphan Angel"; and Elinor Wylie has bequeathed to us at least two books concerning which there can be no dispute by the intelligent.

These two books, "Jennifer Lorn" and "The Venetian Glass Nephew," I regard, I admit, as something very like masterpieces in their own sharply limited romantic field. That field is not large nor is it especially lofty. Yet it now and then repays the thorny toil of bemused gardeners very prettily, with frail blossoms.

For there are, to my finding, two kinds of romance. They differ in their causes, in their materials, and in their purposes: they agree but as to the desirability of embellishing the course of human life as men actually do live it. There is that major romance which gilds actuality with the gold of a highly superior sun, as opposed to that minor romance over which one is tempted to say the moon presides, to ensorcel all with a wizardry of amiably prevaricating shadows and with vivid patterns of silver. I must here mix metaphors by admitting that sometimes this is only German silver, of no great intrinsic worth: but the patterns are very often exquisite.

There is, I mean, the normal, the wholesome, the really childlike kind of romance in which the writer joyously accepts this world and the broad flowering ways of human life, but enlivens each with more propitious and with more picturesque happenings than occur in the ratio he depicts. Thus Scott worked, as Dumas did after him, in a pleased quest of the improbable. These titans we may reasonably acclaim the supreme masters in this kind of romance writing. And they embellished human life because they loved it. They adorned it with superb adventures in precisely that frame of mind in which the favored lover brings jewels to his mistress. They wrote, in short, as happy persons alone may write in a complacent glow of prosperity. Both of them performed their great labors in days of semi-fabulous success and material well-being, when the masters of Abbotsford and of the Château de Monte Cristo held each his princely court, in entire financial stability, and went with critical fanfares among applauding underlings. Yet a little later, in the more prosaic presence of bankruptcy, that

necromancy which had summoned up Rob Roy could evoke but Count Robert of Paris, and across the forsaken battle fields of the three musketeers the Whites and the Blues wavered like paralytic phantoms. When once life had proved unlovable, and misfortune had touched these mages heavily, it would seem that their magic failed. When Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas could no longer love life with complete confidence, and with a boisterous optimism as to all life's orderings, then they could write of life but haltingly. One is tempted to infer that the major romance is a tropic growth which does not thrive in the inclement zones of fortune. It is a branch of literature to which, in any case, do not belong "Jennifer Lorn" and "The Venetian Glass Nephew."

For there is, to the other side, that quite different kind of romance which embellishes life because the writer has found life to be unendurably ugly. It embellishes life very much as one might cover the face of a leper. The origin of all such romance writing is thus appreciably removed from being love, in that if it be not entirely hate it is, at mildest, aversion. It demands, with Baudelaire, the inaccessible places and strange adorers: with Flaubert it seeks for new perfumes, for vaster flowers, and for pleasures not ever before attained. Its goals are not of this world. It does not hunt the improbable: it evokes in desperation that which it over well knows to be impossible.

We call this—dully enough—"the literature of escape." Brisk gentlemen rather more enamored of a striking phrase than of strict veracity have even been known to commend it as the literature of something like blasphemy. For it is, say these tremendous fellows, a literature composed by persons almost equally tremendous who have found the globe they inhabit and the unappreciative mammals about them to be the productions of a most inferior and ill inspired Author. Its poetry is thus in exact truth a criticism of life, a criticism of the stout old slashing Edinburgh Review school, which begins with the time-hallowed formula "This will never do!"

It is a poetry—a "making"—which thereafter goes on to set a better example (for the instruction of a no doubt properly impressed Providence) by creating a really acceptable sort of world exhilarated by congenial inhabitants. Thus say these godlings, where we calmer communicants incline to rather less of a pother, in the light of our private knowledge that books after all are only books, even if the Trinity have much time for reading.

We may grant, nevertheless, that this kind of romance writing is a poetry—a "making"—to which the unhappy contribute. They contribute so widely and so very variously that where a wastrel like Marlowe from out of his pot-house squalor may augment this branch of literature with a "Hero and Leander," a restrained schoolmaster like Charles L. Dodgson, from out of the forlorn stuffiness of that atmosphere which is thought most suitably to develop the minds of the young, will bring forth an "Alice in Wonderland." We may grant also that this is a branch of literature to which, through plain enough reasons, do belong "Jennifer Lorn" and "The Venetian Glass Nephew."

I must here of necessity approach to matters which as yet stay delicate. It suffices to remark that the corporal life of Elinor Wylie was but too often at odds with her circumstances. The nature of this very beautiful and tragic woman was not ever in all adapted to that makeshift world in which perforce moved her superb body. She had found, after marrying several of them, that this world was over full of disappointments. She, who possessed the needed ability and an urgent need to use it, created therefore quite another sort of world, building amid desolation a baroque pagoda to be the sanctuary of wounded dreams and unfed desires. She created, in brief, a retreat wherein the rebuffed might encounter no more inglorious fiascos of the spirit and of the affections.

Into this quaint and brittle sanctuary of Elinor Wylie's creation neither the spirit nor the affections, or any other hu-

man plague, may enter, for the reason that there is in this sparkling place no human heart. For not only Rosalba and Virginio, but all the other inhabitants likewise, I take to be handsome porcelain figures animated by a pure and hurtless white magic. They have been shaped and colored with a pleasingly faded elegance. They have been given life: but there is no more blood in them than there is grossness. They enact their well-bred comedy, which includes a toy misery or so. It touches now and then the exaltedly tragic as if with a caress. A few of them may even pretend to die, with unruffled decorum. Their little porcelain tongues lend to their speaking a light stiffness whensoever these fine manikins converse. They converse too in their own idiom, for the vernacular of this point-device land is an ever-courteous blending of ironic epigram and neat periods and apt literary allusions. Yet a discerning audience will watch all with the connoisseur's calm approval. For this, we know, is but a make-believe land of animated figurines, wherein not lust nor death, not poverty nor bankrupt love, but the cool joys of virtuosity, and of finesse, and of each tiny triumph in phrase-making, are the sole serious matters.

For one, I still delight in the wistful humors and the fine prose of this little land: I commend to you, as I said at outset, the color and the legerity and the glitter of this sanctuary against the rude real. Yet I am far from declaring that oncoming ages will forever treasure these books. For tastes change: and in art also, we incline to forget our benefactors. It is on the cards that very few, and perhaps none, of our descendants may care to travel with Jennifer Lorn all the exotic long way of her journeying (even from the spring sunlight of Devonshire to the crimson pillows of the unvirtuous Banou's bed) or to advance happily with Rosalba Berni from the classical summer-house at Altachieri into the fires of the smelting furnace at Sèvres. Posterity, I admit, may forget both of these books. But I add that posterity will thus acquire a quite valid claim on our pity.

GREAT BRITAIN HAS LOBBIES TOO

By E. PENDLETON HERRING

THE British seem able to muddle along with their lobbies without fuss or furore. A glance at the situation there suggests analogies and differences that are timely when contrasted with conditions in the United States. In this country searching investigations of the lobby attract wide attention and cause much fulmination. But the lobby in the House of Commons is not the target of criticism. No Royal Commission is appointed to delve into its activities. Parliament is not intimidated by organized reform. Superficially at least there is little evidence of the influence of lobbying interests such as have been so voluminously reported here of late.

Yet in both countries social and economic interests must seek their own channels for expression under a representative system that officially ignores their existence. On the continent advisory councils and parliaments of industry have been instituted to regularize in some measure the contacts of capital, labor, and consumers with the government. In Great Britain the Labor Government after being in power seven months took the first wary step toward utilizing the *expertise* of special interest spokesmen. An Economic Advisory Council is to be constituted with the Prime Minister as chairman, a small group of Ministers as the nucleus and in addition persons chosen "in view of their special knowledge and experience in industry and economics." This body has as yet wrought no change but its creation is significant as recognizing the necessity of providing some means whereby the special social and functional interests of individuals may be represented as well as their more general concerns as members of the State. But if the institution of this council

is meaningful in its implications, British experience in handling the lobbyists in day to day contacts is concretely suggestive with regard to current American practice. Lobbies, defined as the agencies through which special interests attempt to make their influence felt upon legislation, are by no means a unique American institution.

There are in London a great number of national organizations very similar in composition and purpose to those that are found in such abundance in Washington. Their names, their memberships, and their objectives are strikingly akin. In variety and number they can be compared very closely. An examination of the publicity matter of these associations demonstrates that they take a keen interest in what goes on in the House of Commons. For example, the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship cites as a reason for joining the fact that "the Association concerns itself with National questions and keeps Members of Parliament in touch with the views of their women electors. . . . The National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship has a strong headquarters with a Parliamentary Department. . . . This Headquarters keeps its affiliated Societies in direct touch with what is happening in Parliament." The staid and eminently sedate London Chamber of Commerce is akin with the feminists on this point. Among its objects it announces "the promoting, supporting, or opposing of legislative or other measures" affecting its interests. Similarly the "National Union of Manufacturers is continually urging the principle that the manufacturers of this country should be consulted before legislation affecting their interests is brought forward, and it is certain that in the future there will be closer coöperation between Government Departments and British Industry than ever before."

Moreover, the organized farmers through the National Farmers' Union are "constantly fighting to secure fair play from the Legislature where agricultural politics are con-

cerned so that the farmers' business interests shall not be 'crabbed' by oppressive legislation." The above announcements might have been issued by the National Woman's Party, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, or the American Farm Bureau Federation without a single alteration in sentiment.

To emphasize further the analogy between London and Washington in this regard one might cite the presence of propagandist and reform organizations which though differing in name and purpose are certainly alike in spirit. Note the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty with its imposing letterhead decorated with titled sponsors, and witness its professed aim: "The Council is working for the abolition of Capital Punishment, and by the issue and distribution of literature, the provision of speakers, by Parliamentary activity, and in many other ways, is seeking to arouse public opinion and thus fulfill its object. Write to the Secretary for further particulars." Or hear the call of the National Anti-Vivisection Society:

> Reader: You have a heart of compassion. Will you not help to stop this evil? Register your vote against any Candidate for Parliament who will not pledge himself if elected to fight on behalf of the animals in our physiological laboratories. Help us to put an end to a great wrong—an evil that is a disgrace to our country.

Even the dignified English Church Union follows all legislation that may affect the interests they feel called upon to protect. With regard to a proposed change in the divorce laws the Union suggests: "Members of the Union would do well to write to their representatives in Parliament urging that the Bill should be amended on the point referred to."

These scattered examples are but indicative of the general situation. In Great Britain and in the United States citizens have come to the conclusion that the rights and

privileges resulting from the one-man-one-vote doctrine are not all-sufficing to give them the voice in government that they desire. There are other and more pressing matters which they think require their special attention and for these particular aims they organize themselves into societies and importune the government for favorable treatment. Yet in this country we have the lobby with the criticism and abuses that follow in its train, while in England little talk of exerting pressure on Parliament is heard. What are the factors that account for this?

Of course, it is perfectly obvious that the main differences as to the methods of the respective lobbies are due to the fact that England has a parliamentary system of government and this country a congressional system. Here the emphasis is upon the legislature but in Great Britain the ministry and the administrative departments are of outstanding importance in the eyes of the reformer and the special interest spokesman. Mere differences in the form of governmental apparatus do have an effect upon the actual status and efficacy of the lobby.

An aspect of the subject that frequently comes to mind is the mental picture of a professional persuader nabbing a legislator by the button-hole and taking him aside for a few minutes of earnest converse. This is a method of approach generally recognized as of dubious effectiveness. Still there are those in Washington who go the rounds of the congressional offices and present personally their arguments to Congressmen. Representatives of the American Federation of Labor, for example, still continue this practice. In England such canvassing would not be resorted to and would, in fact, be well-nigh impossible.

The very arrangement of the buildings of Parliament would militate against it. If an individual wishes to speak with an M. P. he accosts the police officer who stands at the entrance of St. Stephens and gives him the name of the member. The bobby then permits the visitor to enter the great

hall which is situated just midway between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Arrived in this central hall our imaginary lobbyist sees on his left a corridor leading into the lobby of the House of Commons. But the way is guarded by an iron railing and a large police officer. The visitor may request this sentinel to have an M. P. called. Messengers go over the great length of the buildings looking for the members sought by their colleagues or by visitors. The lobbyist must wait with what patience he may until word is brought back. The M. P., once found, may simply pocket the visitor's card; a member never sends word that he does not wish to see a caller. For all the lobbyist knows the member may never have received the message.

Should the M. P., however, decide to answer the call he comes to the barrier at the great hall and gives his name to the police officer who announces it aloud. A conversation may take place in the great hall or the member may invite the visitor to step past the barrier into the inner lobby immediately before the entry to the House of Commons. The member is supposed to stand with his caller and when he leaves him the visitor no longer has the privilege of remaining within this inner sanctum.

The only point in this disquisition is simply to indicate the degree to which the M. P. is protected from favor seekers and lobbyists without any inconvenience or embarrassment to himself. Add to this the fact that few members have offices where they may be sought out and one realizes how really difficult it is for a lobbyist to get into ready communication with many members. They could possibly be reached at their lodgings or, if they are City men or London lawyers, at their offices. For a lobbyist to canvass any number of county members would be an undertaking requiring much time, patience, and perseverance. Then, too, one would hardly call upon an M. P. at his home without some degree of personal acquaintance. The contrast with Washington is evident. Here within the walls of one building a diligent

lobbyist may see a score or more of legislators within a single day. Even the most influential members can be got at upon any reasonable excuse.

Of course, in England the favor-seeker and the special interest spokesman communicate with the officials holding the real authority. Speaking to a mere M. P. is hardly worth the trouble it entails. Power is in the hands of the Ministers. The relationship between Minister, M. P., civil servant, and lobbyist is thus put by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, the distinguished students of British institutions:

> As a matter of fact, the only questions upon which the Member of Parliament becomes even superficially versed are those which are being pushed by some vigorous group of persons outside the House of Commons, sometimes philanthropists, reformers, or the adherents of particular creeds; sometimes the professional representatives of great capitalists, or of technical or labour organizations. Hence the able civil servant and the expert Minister are always trying to placate their little groups of outsiders and to make arrangements with those who really understand and are interested in the issues involved in new legislative or administrative work, so as to prevent these issues being raised in Parliament. *In short, the real government of Great Britain nowadays is carried on, not in the House of Commons at all nor even in the cabinet, but in private conferences between ministers, with their principal officials, and the representatives of the persons especially affected by any proposed legislation or by any action on the part of the administration.* (Italics mine.)

Interests groups by no means limit their activities to the legislature; even more important are their contacts with the bureaucracy. They likewise testify before Royal Commissions and appear before departmental committees. They are concerned with legislation from its inception in the mind of some individual through its consummation into law and even its execution by the administrative authorities. It is interesting to obtain concrete evidence of this process of

law-creating in the published records of single-aim associations and other organized groups.

In Great Britain, just as in this country, the lobby has become the agency for the expression of the opinion of non-political groups. One of the methods by which members of the English Church Union may further their cause is "by signing Memorials and Petitions issued from time to time by the Council of the Union, and by obtaining the signatures of others." A reformist organization announces that a petition to Parliament is the next move in their campaign. They state: "After three years of educational work, the Executive Committee has now decided that the time is ripe for testing public opinions by means of a national petition to Parliament. It is hoped to collect signatures throughout the winter and present the petition to the new Parliament to be elected in 1929." The petitions sponsored by societies that today appear fantastic may be the laws of the future. Or they may be balderdash which will happily be forgotten on the morrow.

More definite and immediate evidence can be cited of social and economic organizations that do not look to distant objectives: it is rather these associations that prompt the comment of the Webbs. If a lobby desires to pass legislation through Parliament three paths lie open, the choice depending largely upon the nature of the measure rather than upon the preference of the lobbyist as to the method to be pursued. Firstly, there are the public bills supported by the Government; secondly, there are private members' bills; and thirdly, there is the procedure of private bill legislation.

The two latter methods may be disposed of summarily. The measures that are classified as private bills are those which concern usually a municipality or corporation and generally are for the purpose of authorizing a grant of further power to an agency of local government or of permitting an extension of some activity to a public service agency. In other words they do not affect questions of general public

policy. This, combined with the manner in which they are handled, prevents their having any political signification. These bills must go through a very definite and formal procedure wherein petitions for a hearing are duly filed in prescribed form and given before a private bill committee which functions much in the spirit and manner of a judicial tribunal. The spokesmen appearing before this body for the private interests concerned must be duly qualified parliamentary counsels. These barristers receive high fees and their specialized work constitutes a distinct branch of the legal profession. They are known as the parliamentary bar. All the parties affected by the proposed bill are allowed to testify and there is a cross-examination of witnesses and a presentation of arguments as in ordinary courts of law. It is only after this thorough hearing that the private bill is reported to the House either favorably or unfavorably. The recommendation of the committee is usually followed. This system of course automatically eliminates the pressure that local interests might otherwise exert upon their M. P. in order to secure favorable legislation. He and his colleagues are thus freed from the necessity of log-rolling. The problem of placating powerful elements within his constituency need not trouble him. Such a system fairly and efficiently eliminates many of the abuses that are still associated with lobbies in this country.

Nevertheless important interests in Great Britain are very much concerned with problems of more than local interest. Political questions of national import far beyond the limitations of private bill legislation are often broached by great associations. They may attempt to attain their end by getting a sympathetic M. P. to introduce a bill. This is an uncertain method, however. Many members have measures that they would like to see enacted, but time will not permit for a consideration of all. Accordingly, members draw lots for the available opportunities of introducing private bills. It is only the very adroit parliamentarian with an innocuous,

inoffensive bill that succeeds in finally getting his measure through the House. Only five or six such bills are enacted into law during a session. It is patent that such a record holds out little hope to the lobbyist. The following quotation from the report of a reform organization is eloquent:

On April 20th, 1928, Sir Robert Gower attempted to obtain a second reading for the Protection of Dogs Bill, which seeks to exempt dogs from all vivisection. Sir Robert stated that he had received communications from almost every constituency in the British Isles to the effect that the Hon. Members of those constituencies had assured their correspondents that they would vote for the Second Reading of the Bill. Unfortunately, as on previous occasions, the time allotted to the Bill did not permit a vote to be taken. We must hope that the Bill will receive greater facilities in the forthcoming new Parliament.

Here the M. P.'s could make glib promises to their vivisectionist constituents, secure in the knowledge that the Ministry's control over the time of the House would prevent any measure coming to a vote that might be embarrassing to the Government. In return for this protection the average member is strictly bound to his party. His influence is further limited by his inability to initiate appropriations. Consequently the lobbyist finds little hope in relying upon the "back-bencher." He goes to the Minister of the department in which his interests are concerned. Together they work over the legislation. Much of law-making is purely technical and consists simply in finding a workable rule for a concrete case needing regulation. It is not a question of policy but a matter of fact. An examination of the reports of organizations such as the British Federation of Industries, the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, and the National Union of Manufacturers shows this to be the case. The Union reports concerning a factory bill:

The preparation of the case against this bill has been undergoing a continuous detailed examination by the four subcommittees of the N. U. M. in London and the provinces,

and it is hoped to present to the Home Secretary a co-ordinated criticism of the Bill very early in February. The question whether this should be followed up by a delegation to Sir William Joynson-Hicks has not yet been decided.

The Bill, although withdrawn last session, is to be re-introduced soon after Parliament meets, and it is essential to place the views of the N. U. M. before the Home Secretary prior to the bill being again introduced.

Organizations such as this, after carefully considering the provisions of a proposed act time and again, send deputations to the Ministry. The Minister who is responsible for the passing of the law and for its enforcement afterwards is directly confronted with the citizens and taxpayers who will be affected by the particular measure. The discussions at such meetings are of a technical nature. The proposed act is gone over clause by clause and phrase by phrase by the two parties most concerned: the administrative bureau on the one hand and the special group whom the law concerns on the other.

The Minister deals with a series of deputations and by the time that he has heard the story of all sides there is little in the way of representation that a mere M. P. can add. The member of the House of Commons speaks neither with the same authority nor from the same personal knowledge. Nor can he muster an equal degree of conviction: he is a party man and therein primarily resides his allegiance. He must follow the lead of the Ministry. Next he must listen to the wishes of his constituents. Party loyalty comes first and upon this his political career chiefly depends. The party often designates his constituency and helps him fight his battle for election. Consequently the spokesmen in a deputation differ from a political representative in the directness of their interest and in the immediacy of their plea. They confine themselves to a straightforward exposition of just how the legislation under consideration will react upon themselves. It is up to the Minister to balance the welfare of a class against that of the nation. He is in a position to take the

statements of the lobbyists at his own valuation. The lobbyists talk frankly and courteously. Nothing is to be gained by deception. The Minister is attentive to their statements and interested in their point of view. He can afford to be. The typical attitude is rather well reflected in the following excerpt from the reply of a Prime Minister to an important deputation:

> In the first place I should like to express to you my pleasure at seeing you and your friends here and to thank you for the tone of all the speeches. It is not often that one hears a subject introduced with such delicacy. . . . I did not know what you were going to talk about in detail, but I certainly think you have put up a case that is deserving of the most careful consideration by the Government. . . . A number of the points you have raised are new to me, and they are very interesting. As I said I think they are deserving of very careful consideration. You have shown me where you think the shoe pinches, and it is our business to examine these points and if we can find a way to ease the position we should like to do so. I will not make any pledge beyond that.

From one point of view this is political persiflage but, even so, it is more than mere talk. It is indicative of the attitude of the Minister toward the usual deputation. Their right to present their case is recognized. The Minister may listen without fear or favor, complacent in the realization of his own power. Committee hearings in Congress are the American analogy of the British deputation but they differ in certain important elements. The Minister has a greater degree of responsibility; he can speak with more finality; this is one reason why he sedulously avoids making a definite pledge of support. He is too responsible a person to promise rashly. On the other hand, a member of Congress at times finds himself forced by an organized minority to give a definite promise of support when faced with the alternative of otherwise incurring a powerful enemy within the State or congressional district wherein reside all his political hopes.

When an organization threatens to enlist a Congressman's constituents against him through a directed propaganda campaign it becomes rather difficult for such a legislator to listen calmly and judicially to the testimony of this same association presented before a congressional committee.

In considering deputations to the Ministers one factor stands out in strong contrast with the American situation. Through these representations there is factual discussion and a careful consideration of the details of the proposed legislation but there is no directly attempted coercion on the part of the interests. The abuses connected with the lobbies in this country have been shown by congressional investigation to be due to their coercive aspects. Some lobbyists deceive their supporters into believing that they possess great influence with Congress. These are frauds. Other powerful organizations actually do threaten the re-election of legislators who hesitate to put special group interest before the national welfare. The American structure of government gives the lobbyist here opportunities to wield his power that are quite lacking in England.

The temptation removed to act as a professional manipulator and persuader, the British lobbyist finds his work of presenting facts and figures to the Government relatively enhanced. He has a recognized position and function within a delimited sphere. This zone of activity is described in the words of one powerful business men's organization as follows:

The London Chamber of Commerce is in almost daily communication with one Government Department or another, and being familiar with the internal organization of the Departments, and personally acquainted with those in charge of them, is able to deal expeditiously and effectively with business questions which might involve considerable expenditure of time on the part of the firm or company. The Chamber represents a body of organized business opinion which cannot be ignored by any department of the Government, and the representations of which, in the past, have

been instrumental in inducing the Government to abandon projects which have proved detrimental to business and radically to modify others.

The soundness of this position is recognized to some extent in this country although many of the Washington lobbies still stress their power to influence Congress. A few are gradually taking a more advanced point of view. The Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. A., for example, does not enter into political campaigns. As an organization it does not threaten the re-election of one Congressman or promote that of another. It does urge its members to write to their representatives asking for favorable consideration of Chamber policies. The American Farm Bureau Federation announces that as a body it does not oppose individual Congressmen or support them. It does send the farmers the records of legislators' votes upon agricultural measures. It leaves the record to speak for itself. This slightly encouraging tendency is not confined to the two organizations mentioned. However, the American Federation of Labor and the Anti-Saloon League along with many other associations do enter into political campaigns. They fight Congressmen who are not in agreement with their point of view. And Calvin Coolidge has been one to note how "Congress in its hours of timidity becomes subservient to the importunities of organized minorities."

It is submitted that organized groups could attain their ends and at the same time enjoy a much better public reputation if they refrained from coercion in politics and concentrated their attention upon fact presentation. Besides this there is an ever-widening field for coöperation in administration. Into this some associations have already entered; others may well penetrate farther. The voluntary trade practices agreements reached under the auspices of the Federal Trade Commission and the simplification and standardization conferences held under the supervision of the Department of Commerce may be indicative of the

wider usefulness of similar contacts between administrative bureaus and private associations. Experts and technicians in business, agriculture, and labor have much to offer the government. Reformers and churchmen have points of view that may be suggestive. They have a right to be heard but they have not a right to impose their pet panaceas or formulas arbitrarily upon public servants who may be honestly striving to consider the general interest. The reaction in the press to recent lobby disclosures bears out this statement.

A perception on the part of the lobbies themselves of their own responsibilities and of the part that they may legitimately take would go far towards solving the lobby problem. In England the form of government has of itself removed these opportunities for coercion from special interests. They find it inconvenient to reach "back-benchers"; they find it difficult to initiate bills through sympathetic M. P's.; they find it well-nigh impossible to bring pressure on Cabinet Ministers. They must perforce limit themselves to propaganda work in stirring up public opinion, to legislative work through fact presentation to the Government, and to the various commissions or committees which Parliament from time to time sets up to consider special problems. They discover many opportunities for coöperating with the civil servants. And in these contacts, which the exigencies of the situation *force* upon them, they find their salvation. The lobby cannot become a pernicious coercive institution. It must remain an agency for functional representation. Perhaps in profiting by English experience as to the rôle that special interest representatives legitimately play in government, the lobby may here voluntarily rectify its own shortcomings and find the place that it deserves not only in governmental service but also in public estimation.

CHICAGO—BELIEVE IT OR NOT

By A CHICAGOAN

CHICAGO is shooting it out as a substitute for thinking it out. Her debt is low, her financial record clear, yet no banker will lend her a penny. Her Chicago Plan is a model to the world yet she cannot finish improvements already begun and indeed the backbone of the plan has become a bone of contention. Her universities have gathered a remarkable aggregation of economists, tax experts, and political scientists but they write Sanskrit for a population that has barely learned its political abc's. All the conventional characters are at hand: the fat and villainous politicians, the sleek and villainous magnates and bankers; every one of them acting his traditional rôle with the fidelity of a movie scenario. Yet at least once during the past two years, which this essay seeks to survey, a determined amateur has "muscled in," broken up the show, and made an octette of the strongest political forces jump through the hoop of a reform which is in advance of the corresponding governmental technique in nine out of ten American cities.

The more picturesque manifestations of all this communal incompetence, of course, are the "rackets," the beer-wars, the murders and the gangsters, whose doings have long been the stock-in-trade alike of pious editorial moralists and skit writers of the Broadway reviews. Regarding these sores, Chicago maintains two schools of thought: one declares that while such things are bad, they are not much worse than elsewhere, that the publicity which they have received is to blame. The other school demands a radical "clean-up." The Chicago Association of Commerce actively and simultaneously takes both positions.

But in his daily round, your average Chicagoan does not

often come into direct contact with the rackets or the gang warfare. Quite a number of people you know have been held up during the past six or eight years (roughly, let us say, about as many as those who have been getting themselves divorces), but two out of three of these friends of yours report that their bandits, like their bootleggers, displayed excellent manners. Harsh and relentless towards other "mobs" they may be from all accounts, but suavity itself to the cash customers. "It's a tough racket, ma'am, but we gotta do it," or "Sure, keep the carfare to get home"—such are the ceremonious phrases of banditing: so well established are they that they may expect to receive the sanction of a future edition of Emily Post in an added chapter on "How to Behave in a Stick-up."

In short, your Chicagoan recognizes that violent crime is only a symptom. Liquor, gambling, and to a minor extent, prostitution are profitable but illegal businesses. Hence the inevitable "alliance of politics" with crime, regrettable but entirely endurable if only politics would confine its profit-seeking to such sources and devote the rest of its attention to the normal functions of government.

But politics has done just the opposite. Not satisfied with merely the "honest graft,"—the normal tithe to ward heelers, "experts," favorite contractors—it has started to absorb just as much of the entire dollar as it can. A bond issue is voted for a street widening project. So much of it is diverted to expert "fees" and contractors "extras" that not enough remains to compensate the property owners and complete the work. So there follows a supplementary bond issue. Every automobile pays a vehicle tax, ultimately supposed to flow as gravel and asphalt into the ruts in the streets. But much of it goes to "license inspectors" and "sidewalk inspectors," and the payrolls lengthen and the ruts deepen.

It is needless perhaps to point out that under this management even such constructive projects as a Tammany administration might undertake are not pushed. Since 1927

the street cars have been operating under Federal receivership, not because they are "broke"—they are extraordinarily profitable—but because their franchises have expired; because there are rival groups, among them the Elevated Lines controlled by Mr. Samuel Insull,* struggling for domination; because the earnings which under reorganization would flow out as interest and dividends are in the meantime swelling the deposits of the banks whose officials compose the Protective Committees; and because the City Administration has so far felt that the traction issue as a campaign football has a higher usefulness than the mere pick-ups which would present themselves from the extensions and subway construction that would follow upon a financial settlement.

Even minor matters are handled on the same basic principle; they are pigeonholed until all possible profits are surveyed. Thus the development of Lake Calumet into an industrial harbor waits until a special tax can be spread over the whole city and the property owners in Calumet benefit accordingly. The municipal airport is wretched, yet it cannot be improved until the City Administration can agree with the School Board appointed by itself with regard to the relinquishment of said School Board's title to the site.

The long suffering Chicago River, having once had its current reversed, is now being shifted bodily to another and straighter bed south of the downtown "loop" area: a gigantic task nearly completed. It will open up an entire blighted area and permit new arteries to the south and west. Yet

*A valuation far in excess of its capitalized earnings was placed upon the Elevated Lines by the Illinois Commerce Commission. A Senate Investigation Committee headed by Senator James Reed of Missouri elicited from Mr. Insull that he had contributed substantially to the campaign for Republican nomination for Senator, of Frank L. Smith, Chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission. Mr. Smith was elected over the Democratic nominee and a "protest" independent Republican candidate, but the Senate refused to seat him. In the April primaries of this year, however, he was nominated as Congressman-at-large for Illinois.

the railroads, although they agreed to re-locate their yards, are now nullifying the completion of the project through refusing to get together on a plan for terminal development. It looks like another opportunity to fish in troubled waters: at any rate, again Chicago finds herself impotent.

Any government moves slowly enough. But even a bureaucracy finally does move. Chicago has just demonstrated that incompetence and graft together can block all movement whatsoever and produce an actual breakdown in governmental functioning.

But the greatest and handsomest of these prerogatives of local politics has been the tax-fixing racket. Real estate, vacant lots, bungalows, apartments, office buildings,—everything is by law to be assessed at its full value. Actually, as in most cities, the average has been much less—in Chicago, one-third of the full value. But individual assessments have varied from five per cent to one hundred per cent. In other words, properties at one end of the scale have been assessed at twenty times as much as those at the other. Through these discrepancies half the taxpayers paid about thirty million dollars a year in taxes which should properly have been carried by their more fortunate or more provident neighbors. The customary charge for tax-fixing, over the four-year period, was one-quarter or one-third of a year's savings, or a reasonable equivalent in political kind (votes, etc.) in lieu of cash. The lucrative possibilities of such a system are obvious. Naturally, under it, Brown's bungalow was taxed higher than Jones'; Jones' higher than Robinson's. For a long time all three failed to catch on; Jones had seen his precinct captain and kept knowingly silent in the happy delusion that he was getting away with something; Brown knew that his property was worth more than the assessment and not realizing the general average was only one-third of the full value, was afraid that he might be raised. A general impression prevailed that the small house owner was being favored at the expense of the big

properties, "so better say nothing about it." But in 1927 taxes suddenly jumped up to where they really hurt. And the State Tax Commission suddenly came to life. To fit the picture, the Chairman of this Commission should have been a learned economist or at least a dour and righteous fiscal administrator. He was nothing of the sort, but a hold-over from the previous defeated State Administration, a rubicund and (when necessary) fighting Irishman. The squawk of the taxpayer resounded in his ears, echoed by the indignant denunciations of the newspapers which zealously printed each day pictures of identical bungalows or flat buildings one of which was taxed at some three times as much as the other. Mr. Malone, the State Tax Commissioner, struck. He invoked a provision which had long existed in the law of the State but which had never been put into effect. He ordered a reassessment of each and every one of the 1,300,000 parcels of real estate in the county. This order automatically invalidated the existing assessment, for no more taxes could be levied upon it, or at all, until the new assessment was completed.

A stroke of the pen destroyed the legal basis of taxation on which rested annual budgets of two hundred millions, from which forty thousand public employees were paid, and which ensured service of bond issues aggregating over a third of a billion dollars.

At first politicians, bankers, and business men were not merely dumbfounded by this order—they simply refused to believe it. Taxes had last been collected in April, 1928; the reassessment order was issued in July but every device of political and legal oppositions was invoked, and not until the autumn was a trained appraiser appointed Director of Reassessment and a staff organized. Then the politicians woke up with a bang: tax collection day was only six months away and no prospect of collecting taxes. To the "big business" men of the city, gathered in a closed session of the élite Commercial Club, the politicians rushed with

appeals for aid: this silly, expensive reassessment engineered by the reformers must be abandoned, else catastrophe would follow. The big business men were duly stirred up. There was a great public airing of the whole situation.

But the results were most unexpected. The big business men went into the law and discovered that the reassessment was valid. It must be completed, not abandoned, or no taxes. And such of them as were bankers made a still more shocking discovery: they held millions of "tax-anticipation warrants" or paper issued by the city against taxes to be collected. (Among other delinquencies the city had gradually slipped through over-expenditure from a pay-as-you-go basis to borrowing against next year's tax-collections to pay most of this year's bills. The banks had been happy to accommodate the city, for it paid four per cent or better, borrowed not as it needed funds but in bulk, and left most of the money on deposit at only two per cent.) But next year's taxes could not be collected until the slow-moving reassessment was completed, and the bankers, instead of some choice short-term paper, found masses of frozen and indeed slightly tainted assets on their hands. Overnight they met and voted a quarter of a million dollars to pay the salaries of expert appraisers to expedite the reassessment. This immediate action was desirable and the banks escaped scot-free from public criticism, whatever may have been said privately by one banker to another, for seldom have those supposedly wise in the ways of the world been caught more completely napping to what was going on right under their noses. Or perhaps "those who sup with the devil should use a long spoon."

A coolness now prevails between the bankers and the politicians. But the politicians remain recalcitrant albeit their *démarche* resulted so unexpectedly and so disastrously in driving their former friends into the arms of the reformers. By every conceivable means, in defiance of the entire press, they have sought to discredit and delay the re-

assessment. The bankers, their vaults full of frozen assets, refuse to buy any more of the city's paper. The city borrowed from all its trust funds and finally, about Christmas, simply stopped paying salaries.

In the meantime, a Citizens' Committee of leading business men, slightly tinctured with reformers, was standing by, proffering aid upon certain terms. With the banks it had privately arranged to save the city's exterior credit by meeting bond interest and maturities. Payless pay days for police, firemen, school teachers, and other employees passed by. Each side stood pat: the Citizens' Committee counting on public pressure and the public servants' demands for pay; the Thompson Administration playing on fear of disorder if police, fire, or essential services were interrupted. Finally a compromise. The City asked for aid but the Committee did not insist upon actual control or even the pruning of overloaded (albeit somewhat curtailed) political payrolls. Instead, it accepted the Administration's assurance of co-operation in promoting "remedial legislation"—to establish sound local finance and prevent such disorders in the future—at an impending special session of the Legislature.

There is a sensational public drive for seventy-four millions to carry the city through until July. The old Liberty Loan methods, the occupational quotas, are invoked and the drive goes over the top. But the contributors are mainly the larger industries. The man-in-the-street all along was sure that "something would happen" to save the situation without any particular activity on his part. And it did. Opinions vary on the policy of the Citizens' Committee (or the Strawn "Rescue" Committee, as it is more generally called from the name of its originator and chairman). Perhaps they were wise to compromise with a discredited but still powerful Mayor and Council, all with a year and a half to go in office. Perhaps they lost a mighty opportunity for heroic action in an extraordinary situation. Perhaps when

the Legislature assembles the Thompson Administration will double-cross them as neatly as it has formerly outsmarted at least certain of the members of this self-same Committee.

The reassessment which tied up taxes for two years and precipitated the current crisis was conceived for a much more limited objective, i. e., the equalization of the tax burden. This is seemingly a simple matter but it is one not attained in many cities, although rarely are conditions so outrageous as they were in Chicago. Thanks to the politicians who protracted it over two years instead of one, it has exposed every other weakness in the local governmental machine—weaknesses most of which exist elsewhere but of which Chicago has probably the most complete and perfect collection—a veritable gallery of governmental freaks. Appropriations exceed income. There are over four hundred local governmental taxing bodies, most of them boards and commissions with overlapping membership, some appointed, some elected. There are two or three elections every year; at the recent primary the names of some two hundred candidates appeared upon the Republican ballot. The election law is so lax that frauds abound. Yet with all this electing, a curious bi-partisan system practically deprives the voters in many districts of a choice for the State Legislature. The members selected by the machine are obviously unfit and give point to the unwillingness of downstate to a re-districting (long overdue under the State Constitution) which would give Chicago increased representation. This deadlock over representation has defeated all attempts to revise the State Constitution along modern lines.

Political factionalism is as complicated as the local government. In fact, the newspapers themselves are often unable to announce to which faction candidates for minor offices belong. The more respectable local Republican wing is headed by Senator Charles S. Deneen. Despite a good past record and considerable shrewdness, Deneen is a man

of little personality or public leadership: while a consistent enemy of Thompson, he is prone to "trades" and people support him and his ticket from a sense of duty or as the lesser of two evils. At the April primary he met with a sensational defeat at the hands of Ruth Hanna McCormick, widow of former Senator Medill McCormick, whom Deneen had defeated six years before. Mrs. McCormick is a dynamic campaigner with a long and carefully cultivated down-state following. In Cook County, supported by the Tribune (owned by the McCormicks), Hearst, and the City Hall, her strength was surprising. Partly on her momentum, partly through Deneen's poor strategy, partly through the general cussedness of the electorate, most of the City Hall candidates were successful against their more "respectable" rivals on the Deneen slate. Thompson has thus regained much of his strength lost at the "voters uprising" of two years ago.

The strength of "Thompsonism" derives from ward politics, from the negro influx, and from a strain of corruption and viciousness which has cropped out and perpetuated itself from the days of Yerkes and later of Lorimer. "Big Bill" himself for the past year has been an enigma. A million-dollar judgment for money misspent during his previous administration hangs over him and much of his personal fortune is posted as bond in a final appeal still pending before the Supreme Court of Illinois. Nothing was made public, but his disappearance a year ago following this judgment seems to have been due to a nervous breakdown from which he has now recovered. Regarding Thompson, any prediction is simply impossible. Such a man may be "down" but he's never "out." Who can foresee the career of a genius, even if it be that of a genius for imposture?

The Democrats locally are more united under the leadership of Tony Cermak, the powerful President of the County Board. Between two terms of Thompson the Democrats gave the city a clean administration but politically a bung-

ling one. Cermak is the nearest approach to a Tammany leader of the better grade. A thoroughly practical politician, he has the foresight not to charge more than the traffic will bear. He has introduced and stood strongly for "efficiency methods" in certain departments under his administration: his enemies say, "in the departments which he does not control." He is receptive to suggestions from disinterested citizens. He is very wet. As a candidate for Senator in 1928, he got nowhere downstate but ran ahead of Al Smith's strong vote in Chicago. He is anathema, of course, to the drys, and unfortunately, also, perhaps partly due to his foreign birth, to a considerable number of "respectable voters." He is a strong possibility for Mayor. While his enemies have so far failed to make good on many of their charges against him, there have been a few times in the political past where he failed to look quite far enough ahead.

The Hearst papers supported Thompson in the past and still support the faction allied with him. However, Thompson's present campaign issue, "Robbed by reformers—300 millions taken off the Loop and loaded on to the small home owner," places them in an equivocal position on account of the friendliness of the local Hearst manager, Roy D. Keene, to Malone, the State Tax Commissioner who ordered the reassessment. The strong Evening News is intelligently but heavily virtuous. The Tribune is brilliant but erratic. For a time it had a curious alliance with Crowe, the State's Attorney, generally assumed to be based upon getting the crime news first, although even then it was repeatedly "scooped" by the News, which has always covered crime with remarkable knowledge. But the Tribune has long fought Thompson: in fact it secured the judgment already mentioned against him and others. Its violence, its repeated editorial tirades on a variety of pet phobias (ranging from prohibition to the World Court, the rest of Illinois, the neighboring states of Wisconsin and Ohio, New York, Great Britain, and Europe generally), have aroused dis-

trust and disgust among many of its readers. "The best way to put anything over is to have the Tribune against it."

There is a large neighborhood and foreign press, largely gullible, inadequately informed, and pro-Thompson. A large proportion of the intelligent population votes in the suburbs. Under whatever improved form of government it may get, Chicago will long carry the burden of entrenched local leadership and powerful ward politics.

The Citizens' Committee roughly represents the executives of the railroads and of the greater industries, who have up till now refrained from intervention in local politics—some of whom, in fact, have "gone along" with Thompson. It may be expected to get the huge floating debts funded; to establish budget legislation and assessment machinery which will function regularly and not as an emergency. In short, the Committee may have the city in solvent condition for the next administration in 1931. What more will it do?

The elements which support the present effort can thereafter keep up a firm pressure for a general overhauling like that in Baltimore or Cincinnati. Or they can wash their hands of it and turn the job back to the energetic but inadequate standing reform organizations. If they take the former course they can and will demonstrate as was done in Baltimore the service which "Big Business" can render a city. If they stop at their immediate objectives, Chicago will remain—to transpose Senator Grundy's expression—an economically important but politically backward city. Taxes will hamper business, public improvements and transportation will lag behind the city's needs, while the public schools will continue a bone of contention.

Can political handicaps check Chicago in the realization of her manifest economic destiny of which the projected World's Fair of 1933 is to be a symbol?

POETRY

ANIMALS

THEY know, they know, the animals.
Without or questions or replies,
Mystics of undeliverable words,
They keep their dumbness and are wise;
And shyly sleek and archly meek,
They smile from corners of their eyes;
Hugging that only truth they know,
The beauty of the earth below,
They wink at all sun-blinded birds
And man's Icarian wings, that seek
And tumble down the deeps that terrorize;
For men but lose that personality
They would keep whole and free
In fires that fuse while they immortalize.

They knew, they knew, the animals,
Ere Esarhaddon wrought them on his frieze,
Ere Babylon limned them on her walls
Or flushed Astarte rose from seas—
And older are their winks
Than Amen-Hotep or the Sphinx.
They look back, farther back than eyes oblique
Of endless Pharaohs in procession going
To find the secret of the water's flowing.

The stolid wisdom of the cows
With softly ruminating eyes,
Couched when the mad gale ploughs
His ruin through the skies—
This, this confounds us; and with fear
The delicate aloofness of the deer
Haunts us at noonday; from the hides,
The century-wrinkled hides of elephants,
What lurking laughter solemnly derides,
Earth-quaking, forest-huge, and sheer,
The puling of us puny suppliants.
The wild-ass choosing carefully
Her dying-place without a moan—
So stoic is her pride of privacy—
Puts sage and sophist off the throne,
And even the camel, whip-lashed to the bone,
Knows falsehood in the mirage on the verge
Whereto we confidently urge;
Though bowed with loads, he never bent
To our sore load of disillusionment.

They know, they know, the animals.
When God was very young in years
He must have whispered in their ears
His deep earth-secret—the calm joy that falls
To all fulfilling what they feel and know.
Clinging to beauty found below
Surely they have some lore of Him
Hidden from saints or seraphim.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

GRASS HARVEST

WHAT wind now in the long hot summer morning
Sends the pine boughs plunging down and stirs
The tall, sky-reaching firs
To slow designs of darkness? What wind now
Is a foam and a surge of silver over the grass
While the mowers pause to let the coolness pass
Against their dripping shoulders, through their hair?

With the sun a brazen gong struck in the noon
And the bright hills reared golden in the air,
Will the wind harvest clouds to throw a shadow
Of purple coolness over the burning hills?
Will it be wind that fills
The meadows with a long sweet wash of sound,
Or will a throat,
Hot with sun, glad of the windy ground,
Glad of the rhythmic arms and the swinging blade,
Sing in the noon, in the wind, of the day-moon rising
And of men bringing death to grass no man has made?

FRANCES M. FROST

ADVENTURE WITH VIOLETS

WE HAD no reason to go forth,
Somehow enamoured of the north,

Yet up the weedy railroad track
We ransacked summer's almanack,
Seeking a dream to fill our lack.

To left the mumbling river went
Like an old negro malcontent.

Up from the bamboo brakes and bogs
A mockingbird made catalogs

Of all terrestrial minstrelsy
And hung them on a cherry tree;

A field-lark twinkled down the sky
As light as laughter in an eye.

Cool to our right the hills arose
In gray sonatas of repose

And though we could not see, from where
We climbed the unascending stair,
We knew that trillium was there.

Then on a certain sunny knoll
We saw, inexplicably droll,

A cow and wobbly little calf,
Half head and legs the other half,
And so we couldn't help but laugh.

And laughing took us off the rails
And up some hilly woodland trails

And down again with drifting pace
Into a most unearthly place

Of violets as thick as mist—
Elysium gone amethyst!

So we were glad we were no older,
Going, shoulder pressed to shoulder,

Into the settling evening air,
And glad we went in silence there
And were not going anywhere.

ERNEST HARTSOCK

CAPE HENRY WATER-HAUL

IT WAS a draught of more than fishes' freight
That wrestled with our rope. Hand under hand
We urged the live net leaping to the land
Through shuddering currents of the early spate
Up to the brindled shallows, intricate
With lashing, lithe sea-silver; but the sand
Saw not a beggar's handful of the band
That warped our shoulders with their plunging weight.

How was it they escaped us? Lead and twine
Will bring the eerie mullet from the brine
Sooner than trap this water-witchery
That slips the tarred mesh in the undertow,
When fishermen come laughing from the sea
With more than cart and hamper ever show.

FRANCIS CLAIBORNE MASON

TOWARD MORNING

THIS bond of spirit that I have to break,
This carven candle flame I am to quench,
Loosens no corded fibre at my wrench,
Flickers no inch for any breath I take;
The nervous shackle and the waiting spark,
For all that time goes pacing through the night,
Admit no freedom, no redeeming dark,
From you who set the lock and struck the light.

But sharper than the manacle, more hard
Than jealous keen derision of the flame,
Would be to waken to a door unbarred
By cynic pity, wearied of the game,
To find at pallid imminence of dawn
The cell unfurnished and the keeper gone.

FRANCIS CLAIBORNE MASON

NOBODY LOVES ME

By D. H. LAWRENCE

LAST year, we had a little house up in the Swiss mountains, for the summer. A friend came to tea: a woman of fifty or so, with her daughter: old friends. "And how are you all?" I asked, as she sat, flushed and rather exasperated after the climb up to the châlet on a hot afternoon, wiping her face with a too-small handkerchief.—"Well!" she replied, glancing almost viciously out of the window at the immutable slopes and peaks opposite, "I don't know how *you* feel about it—but—these mountains!—well!—I've lost *all* my *cosmic consciousness,* and *all* my *love of humanity.*"

She is, of course, New England of the old school—and usually transcendentalist calm. So that her exasperated frenzy of the moment—it was really a frenzy—coupled with the New England language and slight accent, seemed to me really funny. I laughed in her face, poor dear, and said: "Never mind! Perhaps you can do with a rest from your cosmic consciousness and your love of humanity."

I have often thought of it since: of what she really meant. And every time, I have had a little pang, realising that I was a bit spiteful to her. I admit, her New England transcendental habit of loving the cosmos *en bloc* and humanity *en masse* did rather get on my nerves, always. But then she had been brought up that way. And the fact of loving the cosmos didn't prevent her from being fond of her own garden —though it did, a bit; and her love of humanity didn't prevent her from having a real affection for her friends, except that she felt she *ought* to love them in a selfless and general way, which was rather annoying. Nevertheless, that, to me, rather silly language about cosmic conscious-

ness and love of humanity did stand for something that was not merely cerebral. It stood, and I realised it afterwards, for her peace, her inward peace with the universe and with man. And this she could *not* do without. One may be at war with society, and still keep one's deep peace with mankind. It is not pleasant to be at war with society, but sometimes it is the only way of preserving one's peace of soul, which is peace with the living, struggling, *real* mankind. And this latter one cannot afford to lose. So I had no right to tell my friend she could do with a rest from her love of humanity. She couldn't, and none of us can: if we interpret *love of humanity* as that feeling of being at one with the struggling soul, or spirit, or whatever it is, of our fellowmen.

Now the wonder to me is that the young do seem to manage to get on without any "cosmic consciousness" or "love of humanity." They have, on the whole, shed the cerebral husk of generalisations from their emotional state: the cosmic and humanity touch. But it seems to me they have also shed the flower that was inside the husk. Of course, you can hear a girl exclaim: "*Really*, you know, the colliers are darlings, and it's a shame the way they're treated." She will even rush off and register a vote for her darlings. But she doesn't really care—and one can sympathise with her. This caring about the wrongs of unseen people has been rather overdone. Nevertheless, though the colliers or cotton-workers or whatever they be are a long way off and we can't do anything about it, still, away in some depth of us, we know that we are connected vitally, if remotely, with these colliers or cotton-workers, we dimly realise that mankind is one, almost one flesh. It is an abstraction, but it is also a physical fact. In some way or other, the cotton-workers of Carolina, or the rice growers of China, are connected with me and, to a faint yet real degree, part of me. The vibration of life which they give off reaches me, touches me, and affects me all unknown to me. For we are

all more or less connected, all more or less in touch: all humanity. That is, until we have killed the sensitive responses in ourselves, which happens today only too often.

Dimly, this is what my transcendentalist meant by her "love of humanity," though she tended to kill the real thing by labelling it so philanthropically and bossily. Dimly, she meant her sense of participating in the life of all humanity, which is a sense we all have, delicately and deeply, when we are at peace in ourselves. But let us lose our inward peace, and at once we are likely to substitute for this delicate inward sense of participating in the life of all mankind another thing, a nasty pronounced benevolence, which wants to do good to all mankind, and is only a form of self-assertion and of bullying. From this sort of love of humanity, good Lord deliver us! and deliver poor humanity. My friend was a tiny bit tainted with this form of self-importance, as all transcendentalists were. So if the mountains, in their brutality, took away the tainted love, good for them. But my dear Ruth—I shall call her Ruth—had more than this. She had, woman of fifty as she was, an almost girlish naïve sense of living at peace, real peace, with her fellow-men. And this she could not afford to lose. And save for that taint of generalisation and *will,* she would never have lost it, even for that half-hour in the Swiss mountains. But she meant the "cosmos" and "humanity" to fit her will and her feelings, and the mountains made her realise that the cosmos *wouldn't.* When you come up against the cosmos, your consciousness is likely to suffer a jolt. And humanity, when you come down to it, is likely to give your "love" a nasty jar. But there you are.

When we come to the younger generation, however, we realise that "cosmic consciousness" and "love of humanity" have really been left out of their composition. They are like a lot of brightly-coloured bits of glass, and they only feel just what they bump against, when they're shaken. They make an accidental pattern with other people, and for the rest they know nothing and care nothing.

So that cosmic consciousness and love of humanity, to use the absurd New England terms, are really dead. They were tainted. Both the cosmos and humanity were too much manufactured in New England. They weren't the real thing. They were, very often, just noble phrases to cover up self-assertion, self-importance, and malevolent bullying. They were just activities of the ugly, self-willed ego, determined that humanity and the cosmos should exist as New England allowed them to exist, or not at all. They were tainted with bullying egoism, and the young, having fine noses for this sort of smell, would have none of them.

The way to kill any feeling is to insist on it, harp on it, exaggerate it. Insist on loving humanity, and sure as fate you'll come to hate everybody. Because, of course, if you insist on loving humanity, then you insist that it shall be lovable: which half the time, it isn't. In the same way, insist on loving your husband, and you won't be able to help hating him secretly. Because of course nobody is *always* lovable. If you insist they shall be, this imposes a tyranny over them, and they become less lovable. And if you force yourself to love them—or pretend to—when they are not lovable, you falsify everything, and fall into hate. The result of forcing any feeling is the death of that feeling, and the substitution of some sort of opposite. Whitman insisted on sympathising with everything and everybody: so much so, that he came to believe in death only, not just his own death, but the death of all people. In the same way the slogan "Keep Smiling!" produces at last a sort of savage rage in the breast of the smilers, and the famous "cheery morning greeting" makes the gall accumulate in all the cheery ones.

It is no good. Every time you force your feelings, you damage yourself and produce the opposite effect to the one you want. Try to force yourself to love somebody, and you are bound to end by detesting that same somebody. The only thing to do is to have the feelings you've really got, and not make up any of them. And that is the only way to

leave the other person free. If you feel like murdering your husband, then don't say, "Oh, but I love him dearly. I'm devoted to him." That is not only bullying yourself, but bullying him. He doesn't want to be *forced,* even by love. Just say to yourself: "I could murder him, and that's a fact. But I suppose I'd better not." And then your feelings will get their own balance.

The same is true of love of humanity. The last generation, and the one before that *insisted* on loving humanity. They cared terribly for the poor suffering Irish and Armenians and Congo rubber negroes and all that. And it was a great deal of it fake, self-conceit, self-importance. The bottom of it was the egoistic thought: "I'm so good, I'm so superior, I'm so benevolent, I care intensely about the poor suffering Irish and the martyred Armenians and the oppressed negroes, and I'm going to save them, even if I have to upset the English and the Turks and the Belgians severely." This love of mankind was half self-importance and half a desire to interfere and put a spoke in other people's wheels. The younger generation, smelling the rat under the lamb's-wool of Christian Charity, said to themselves: No love of humanity for me!

They have, if the truth be told, a secret detestation of all oppressed or unhappy people who need "relief." They rather hate "the poor colliers," "the poor cotton-workers," "the poor starving Russians," and all that. If there came another war, how they would loathe "the stricken Belgians"! And so it is: the father eats the pear, and the son's teeth are set on edge.

Having overdone the sympathy touch, especially the love of humanity, we have now got the recoil away from sympathy. The young don't sympathise, and they don't want to. They are egoists, and frankly so. They say quite honestly: "I don't give a hoot in hell for the poor oppressed this-that-and-the-other." And who can blame them? Their loving forbears brought on the Great War. If love of humanity

brought on the Great War, let us see what frank and honest egoism will do. Nothing so horrible, we can bet.

The trouble about frank and accepted egoism is its unpleasant effect on the egoist himself. Honesty is very good, and it is good to cast off all the spurious sympathies and false emotions of the pre-war world. But casting off spurious sympathy and false emotion need not entail the death of all sympathy and all deep emotion, as it seems to do in the young. The young quite deliberately *play* at sympathy and emotion. "Darling child, how lovely you look tonight! I *adore* to look at you!"—and in the next breath, a little arrow of spite. Or the young wife to her husband: "My beautiful love, I feel so precious when you hold me like that, my perfect dear! But shake me a cocktail, angel, would you? I need a good kick—you *angel* of light!"

The young, at the moment, have a perfectly good time strumming on the keyboard of emotion and sympathy, tinkling away at all the exaggerated phrases of rapture and tenderness, adoration and delight, while they feel—nothing, except a certain amusement at the childish game. It is so *chic* and charming to use all the most precious phrases of love and endearment amusingly, just amusingly, like the tinkling in a music-box.

And they would be very indignant if told they had no love of humanity. The English ones profess the most amusing and histrionic love of England, for example. "There is only one thing I care about, except my beloved Philip, and that is England, our precious England. Philip and I are both prepared to die for England, at any moment." At the moment, England does not seem to be in any danger of asking them, so they are quite safe. And if you gently enquire: "But what, in your imagination, is England?" they reply fervently: "The great tradition of the English, the great idea of England"—which seems comfortably elastic and non-committal.

And they cry: "I would give anything for the cause of

freedom. Hope and I have wept tears, and saddened our precious marriage-bed, thinking of the trespass on English liberty. But we are calmer now, and determined to fight calmly to the utmost." Which calm fight consists in taking another cocktail and sending out a wildly emotional letter to somebody perfectly irresponsible. Then all is over, and freedom is forgotten, and perhaps religion gets a turn, or a wild outburst over some phrase in the burial service.

This is the advanced young of today. I confess it is amusing, while the coruscation lasts. The trying part is when the fireworks have finished—and they don't last very long, even with cocktails—and the grey stretches intervene. For with the advanced young, there is no warm daytime and silent night. It is all fireworks of excitement and stretches of grey emptiness; then more fireworks. And, let the grisly truth be owned, it is rather exhausting.

Now in the grey intervals in the life of the modern young one fact emerges in all its dreariness, and makes itself plain to the young themselves, as well as to the onlooker. The fact that they are empty: that they care about nothing and nobody: not even the Amusement they seek so strenuously. Of course this skeleton is not to be taken out of the cupboard. "Darling angel man, don't start being a nasty white ant. Play the game, angel-face, play the game; don't start saying unpleasant things and rattling a lot of dead men's bones! Tell us something nice, something amusing. Or let's be *really* serious, you know, and talk about bolshevism or *la haute finance*. Do be an angel of light, and cheer us up, you nicest precious pet!"

As a matter of fact, the young are becoming afraid of their own emptiness. It's awful fun throwing things out of the window. But when you've thrown everything out, and you've spent two or three days sitting on the bare floor and sleeping on the bare floor and eating off the bare floor, your bones begin to ache, and you begin to wish for some of the old furniture back, even if it was the ugliest Victorian horsehair.

At least, that's how it seems to me the young women begin to feel. They are frightened at the emptiness of their house of life, now they've thrown everything out of the window. Their young Philips and Peters and so on don't seem to make the slightest move to put any new furniture in the house of the young generation. The only new piece they introduce is a cocktail-shaker and perhaps a wireless set. For the rest, it can stay blank.

And the young women begin to feel a little uneasy. Women don't like to feel empty. A woman hates to feel that she believes in nothing and stands for nothing. Let her be the silliest woman on earth, she will take something seriously: her appearance, her clothes, her house, something. And let her be not so very silly, and she wants more than that. She wants to feel, instinctively, that she amounts to something and that her life stands for something. Women, who so often are angry with men because men cannot "just live," but must always be wanting some purpose in life, are themselves, perhaps, the very root of the male necessity for a purpose in life. It seems to me that in a woman the need to feel that her life *means* something, stands for something, and amounts to something is much more imperative than in a man. The woman herself may deny it emphatically; because, of course, it is the man's business to supply her life with this "purpose." But a man can be a tramp, purposeless, and be happy. Not so a woman. It is a very, very rare woman who can be happy if she feels herself "outside" the great purpose of life. Whereas, I verily believe, vast numbers of men would gladly drift away as wasters, if there were anywhere to drift to.

A woman cannot bear to feel empty and purposeless. But a man may take a real pleasure in that feeling. A man can take real pride and satisfaction in pure negation: "I am quite empty of feeling, I don't care the slightest bit in the world for anybody or anything except myself. But I do care for myself, and I'm going to survive in spite of them all, and I'm going to have my own success without

caring the least in the world how I get it. Because I'm cleverer than they are, I'm cunninger than they are, even if I'm weak. I must build myself proper protections, and entrench myself, and then I'm safe. I can sit inside my glass tower and feel nothing and be touched by nothing, and yet exert my power, my will, through the glass walls of my ego."

That, roughly, is the condition of a man who accepts the condition of true egoism, and emptiness, in himself. He has a certain pride in the condition, since in pure emptiness of real feeling he can still carry out his ambition, his will to egoistic success.

Now I doubt if any woman can feel like this. The most egoistic woman is always in a tangle of hate, if not of love. But the true male egoist neither hates nor loves. He is quite empty, at the middle of him. Only on the surface he has feelings: and these he is always trying to get away from. Inwardly, he feels nothing. And when he feels nothing, he exults in his ego and knows he is safe. Safe, within his fortifications, inside his glass tower.

But I doubt if women can even understand this condition in a man. They mistake the emptiness for depth. They think the false calm of the egoist who really feels nothing, is strength. And they imagine that all the defences which the confirmed egoist throws up, the glass tower of imperviousness, are screens to a real man, a positive being. And they throw themselves madly on the defences, to tear them down and come at the real man, little knowing that there *is* no real man, the defences are only there to protect a hollow emptiness, an egoism, not a human man.

But the young are beginning to suspect. The young women are beginning to respect the defences, for they are more afraid of coming upon the ultimate nothingness of the egoist, than of leaving him undiscovered. Hollowness, nothingness—it frightens the woman. They cannot be *real* nihilists. But men can. Men can have a savage satisfac-

tion in the annihilation of all feeling and all connection, in a resultant state of sheer negative emptiness, when there is nothing left to throw out of the window, and the window is sealed.

Women wanted freedom. The result is a hollowness, an emptiness which frightens the stoutest heart. Women then turn to women for love. But that doesn't last. It can't. Whereas the emptiness persists and persists.

The love of humanity is gone, leaving a great gap. The cosmic consciousness has collapsed upon a great void. The egoist sits grinning furtively in the triumph of his own emptiness. And now what is woman going to do? Now that the house of life is empty, now that she's thrown all the emotional furnishing out of the window, and the house of life, which is her eternal home, is empty as a tomb, now what is dear forlorn woman going to do?

WILSON AND THE SOUTH TODAY

By JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES II

IF THE theory of evolution is true, someone has said, the first monkey who slid down the limb of a tree and stood erect on his hind-legs was an Individualist. The "regular fellows" hung by their tails from the topmost branches and reviled him. They called him an anarchist, a bolshevist, a breaker up of homes. They said that he had no respect for law and order, for simian teamwork or simian standards of the fitness of things. And they vowed that the tail-hold, which was good enough for their fathers, was good enough for them. But the individualist monkey lifted up his face in faith and hope to heaven, and stood erect, and walked—and in the long process of time the Individualist became a man and the Regular Fellow remained a monkey.

It wasn't Woodrow Wilson who said this. But he could have said it, and in perfect consistency with the philosophy for which he stood in a world of "regular fellows" whose regularity was being fixed more firmly every day through the mass experiences afforded by the motion picture, the magazine, the syndicated news and editorial releases, the phonograph and the telephone, and was destined soon to become well-nigh static with the radio.

George Bernard Shaw has said that Henrik Ibsen never understood until late in life the philosophy behind his own plays. There is nothing in the recorded words of Woodrow Wilson to indicate that the war president ever had precisely in his mind the "philosophy of competitive individualism" which retrospect shows so clearly and consistently today in his public works. If he had been permitted to be a candidate for the essay prize offered some months ago by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation on the subject "What Wood-

row Wilson Means to Me," he might have failed as badly as all the other candidates did. Acting, in his public life, under impulsions that were a part of his very nature, he seems never to have examined them for the singleness of principle and reconcilement of faith they spelled.

Individualists date back considerably farther in this country than Regular Fellows, even though we hear more of the latter than the former in the luncheon clubs of the country today. Maybe it is because being an Individualist is so hard now that the Regular Fellow has been invented. The most ancient faith of Americans was a faith in individualism. The dignity of his own separate existence and of the separate existences of the various social, political, and economic units to which he belonged was a thing the early American cherished. The cherishing came about pragmatically, so to speak, from the pioneering days when every circumstance of American life emphasized individual effort and expression.

Those days are gone. And with them, in the opinion of many, the need and possibility of individualism. Attempts at it today, they believe, are vain—and born in vanity. Perhaps they are right but there are still some who believe, as Wilson apparently did, that mortal experience has yet to prove individualism less than the most satisfactory rule of justice and progress. If we were able to agree correctly upon the type of personality and the kind of institution that could serve everybody best today and promise everybody most for the future, there would be no need of individualism at all. We could contemplate without any particular alarm, though probably not without boredom, the prospect of a standardized man in a standardized world. The trouble is that we are not wise enough, nor clairvoyant enough, nor even honest enough for such agreement. Our wise men differ in so many premises and conclusions. Our men of vision cannot lift the curtains high enough to disclose demands the future will make or standards it will impose. Our honest men can never be sure that their arrangements for the world

are not colored unconsciously with some special interest or experience of their own. In sheer defeatism, therefore, we are obliged to fall back upon the proposition of individualism and to believe (if we believe in justice and progress at all) that the most practical approach to that indefinite thing we call perfection is a resultant of many individual paths.

In other words, for want of a more positive plan, we are compelled to assume that the best human adjustments and the surest human advance come out of the play of many personalities, the clash of opposing interests and desires, the competition of various social, political, and economic units.

This, fundamentally, is a philosophy of force. Since we cannot think things out, or agree them out, we must fight them out. But there is no rejection of the functions of thought and agreement in the proper practice of such a philosophy. They are functions, in the exercise of which, three rules appear for the civilized conduct of the competitive fight and for the social victories to be expected of it. First, the separate units in the struggle must be preserved in their individuality; second, the constant contact and competition of the units must be assured; and, third, there must be an umpire to enforce fair play.

Enter, then, Woodrow Wilson to lend this philosophy of competitive force and the three rules of its play the prestige of the presidency of the United States and the one-time moral leadership of the world. The whole impetus of his major public efforts was directed towards this preservation of entities, organization of their contacts, and umpiring of their competition. The most important objectives or achievements of the Wilson administration were the federal reserve system, the Clayton law, the federal trade commission, and the League of Nations. Each of these was designed to umpire and preserve competition in its particular sphere. The federal reserve system was set up to decentralize the credit reserves of the United States and, by restoring the financial entity of each section of the country,

to encourage geographical and personal individuality through fiscal freedom. In a letter to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo at the time of this law's passage, President Wilson wrote: "Credit, the very life of trade, the very air men must breathe if they would meet their opportunities, was too largely in the control of the same small groups who had planted and cultivated monopoly."

The Clayton and federal trade commission laws followed the federal reserve law in this same principle of competitive individualism. Under the Clayton law individual businesses were protected against the tendency of great combinations to absorb or eliminate them. Under the federal trade commission law the competition of these individual businesses was organized, and umpired against "unfair practices."

The last and largest work of Woodrow Wilson, of course, was the League of Nations. American nationalists opposed the League because they thought it went too far in the relinquishment of American sovereignty to an international body. There were many others who opposed it because they did not think it went far enough. They wanted, not an organization of governments, but one of peoples, not a legislature of nations but a "parliament of man." But Wilson had no desire to obliterate nations or nationalism. He was too steeped in the philosophy of competitive individualism to forget the fine potential fruits of international competition or of the individual customs, legends, histories, objectives, and ideals of nations. His League was designed merely to do for nations what his federal reserve system was to do for communities and his Clayton and federal trade commission laws for businesses. His plan was not to destroy national units but to preserve them by civilizing their contacts and umpiring their competition against suicidal resorts to arms. His Covenant was consistent with his other works.

The world today is so complex that it is hard to lay hands on anything at all. And even if you do, it may change into

something else before ever you've got a grip on it. In such a world it is pleasant to find occasionally some central principle like this which offers to guide us through the maze. And pleasanter yet to have this principle reconcile an ancient faith to changing days. Wilson's philosophy of competitive individualism is worth talking about and writing about if only for its neatness, its adaptability to nearly every problem, its gratification of a once strongly American taste. Of course he wasn't the first man to have ideas about individualism. Neither was Thomas Jefferson, for whom individualism was a philosophy and a practice, nor Andrew Jackson, who practiced it furiously without bothering much about its philosophy. The thing goes all the way back to the earliest Greek thinkers with their "problem of the one and the many." But Woodrow Wilson's contribution was the overhauling and equipping of individualism for modern use. He made it automotive by installing an engine called competition. With his theory of organized and umpired competition he brought a saving supplement to the individualism of Jefferson and Jackson.

Maybe the supplement won't save, after all. At the present writing the odds are about even. The federal reserve system, in the past two years, has had considerably the worst of it in the effort to prevent all the money in the country from leaving its home town and going to New York when the call rate on the stock exchange was siren sweet. The Clayton law's provisions against buying up stocks of competing companies is being honored most in the breach of its essential spirit, and President Hoover (who is as naturally and honestly a collectivist as Woodrow Wilson was an individualist) shows no more love of it or of other anti-trust legislation than his barest duty as chief executive requires. The federal trade commission, whose statutory first task is to prevent "unfair practices of competition," is in the hands of commissioners whose doubtless justifiable but hardly judicial enthusiasm for big business

had made them coaches and trainers rather than the umpires they were meant to be. And the League of Nations, maimed from birth by the refusal of Wilson's own country to assume the obligations of paternity, is thus far less an umpire than a sort of mascot of the competition between nations. What is more, and worse, the physical sciences are operating against the Wilsonian supplement. Individual men and women from Calais to San Diego, all reading the same national magazines and syndicated features, all watching and hearing the same little group of sound-movie actors, all singing the same popular songs and dancing the same popular dances, are losing those divergencies of taste, experience, thought, dress, speech, lovemaking, literature, sport, and manners upon which their individualism and its useful fruits depend.

The most "different" and individualistic part of the country today is the South. Even those who accuse it of bigotry, bombast, intolerance, ignorance, prejudice, persecution, passion, and whatnot admit that it is a land of individualists. There may be much in the accusation but there is more in the admission. The southerner's individualism, his resistance to external standards, his passion in competition, his jealous love of his own home and folks and ways and days, are undoubtedly responsible for whatever is true in the charges made against him. But these same qualities have other outlets, too, which are the South's greatest spiritual assets. And they are essentially the qualities required for that approach to justice and progress through competitive individualism for which Woodrow Wilson, consciously or unconsciously, labored. With the economic attention of the country turning southward today and promising that section such physical wealth and worldly weight as it has probably never known before in its history, it is conceivable that the land of Woodrow Wilson's birth and early life may become the land that eventually vindicates his life's philosophy. Prosperity is wooing the

South away from the ugly concomitants of its individualism. If it can do so without destroying the individualism itself, Messrs. Mason and Dixon may have lined better than they knew.

Whatever the outcome—for Wilson or for the South—the philosophy is fine that the law of nature is the law of variety, of competition, of individualism. Modernists may take it from Darwin. Fundamentalists can take it from the first chapter of the Old Testament wherein a famous human attempt to build upon the plains of Shinar a monstrous, standardized, collective tower that would touch high heaven itself was confounded and destroyed—

"And they said, Go to, let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.

"And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded.

"And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do.

"Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language so that they may not understand one another's speech.

"So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the earth; and they left off to build the city.

"Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

WHERE THE WORLD HAD GILT UPON IT

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

A NEW ENGLAND salt-water farm comes about as near Arcady as any piece of earth one can measure by feet and rods. Such a farm was the place where I and my cohort of brothers and sisters got our start in the old business of being happy though alive.

Because I should like to start with a fundamental impression, I had better begin with the old cellar back of the upper orchard. Every farm ought to have its grassy cellar-place to give one the impression that he is playing at a fine old game others played before him, a holy spot where others have lain under dripping eaves and heard their seeds singing in the earth. A cellar makes a farm into a cathedral with a green floor other feet have worn. My cellar had held the preserves and mince meat of a Colonial house said to have been burned by the Indians. We dug up bits of hand-painted crockery and pieced together quite a history of the tastes of the bygone household. I had in my own museum three-quarters of a wheat-sheaf platter and a pewter spoon of the sort Joel Barlow sings of in his American epic, in shape a quarter of a goose egg split longitudinally, as the ideal one for ladling into the mouth the molten manhood of hasty pudding. I wager that same spoon had accounted for acres of Indian corn. There was one deep and mysterious corner of the cellar we never dared to explore, where below tangles of cinnamon roses, which had at last entered the house they had loved so long, large stones partly covered pools of dark rainwater. Ancient apple trees cross-stitched by the beaks of woodpeckers stood half in ruin about this

empty heart of the farmstead. It was a place to hurry past after sundown as one drove home the cows along the winding trail their feet had sculptured out. It was a spot wilder for having known men.

Nearer home there were squash blossoms in the garden to trap bumble-bees in. You had to be careful in transferring them into the open neck of your bottle. Squashes make me think of the crickets that sang so around our stoop as the earliest stars winked. Mother told us that they were saying their prayers and so got us to say ours. They never seemed to get through. And the sound of crickets reminds me of the boiling suns which were the pendants of pitch-drops on the spruce trees where we had our swing hung. I was so expert at manipulating my muscles that it took all of half an hour for the old cat to die, for me to come to the full stop and so surrender my seat to the next passenger through the air. Swings bring back the faces I used to see in summer clouds. Clouds mean dragonflies reflected in the water of the Old Spring and the fear we all had that there might be something in the myth that one's mouth might be sewn up by these Devil's darning-needles if one's mouth told lies. Besides the Old Spring there was the Well Pond, not drinkable, the kingdom of all the frogs. Early in spring it was nothing but jet beadings of spawn; later pollywogs and tadpoles in all stages of legs; then music that swelled out the throats of frog lovers into little balloons, and peepers in the April dusk with calls so thin and clean that there seemed to be holes in the sky letting the sound of the turning of crystal spheres through. We tried to get cunners and minnows and even undiscriminating jellyfish to live in the Well Pond. But they only made the water more foul with their decease.

Anemones go so far back into my memory that I remember how I thought them belated drops of snow taking stem. Lady-slippers we found made ideal ducks, for when off their stems they had the bills, the eyes, and the fleshly veinings of the waterfowls; you could even feed them chickweed through

the opening back of their eyes; and they had the further advantage of being readily opened to see how the digestive process was going on. Peapods made fine canoes when they had been braced inside with seats made of sections of matches. Last year's grasses furnished excellent trees for our indoor stage-sets when stuck up in spools. The leaves of poplar trees made good frying-pans on our toy stoves, for they were round and stiff and had stems exactly like handles. I never have weaned my mind of the remarkable resemblance of podded violet seeds to pearls packed in a neat box. Horseshoe-crabs, coming in couples one on the tail of another, we harnessed together for chariot races on the beach. We tethered the fastest for the races of tomorrow by shoving their tails into the mud.

Moths. I remember our famous night of them. At every pane were the cold little moonstones of their eyes. Lunas, fragile swallows of the night, pale green and unreal as bits of Chinese lanterns. Some of the winged things got in and immolated themselves in the lamp chimney. My oldest sister was full of foreboding at this omen. Sure enough, in came my oldest brother, pitchfork in hand, to tell a tale of seeing a wild animal as big as an ox as he was bringing home the runaway cows. We had the kind of cows that always ran away. They waded around water-fences, they swam like cornered deer to get as far away from home as possible before darkness fell. They might stand knee-deep in red clover; but they yearned to be in the most distant swamps surrounded with mosquitoes or among the pathless hemlocks. If we heard the town-bells that dangled from their necks at all, they seemed to come from the other side of the world. If I have any stiffness in my backbone, I know how I got it; it was tramping benighted in the wildernesses looking for our barnyard truants, with heaven knew what soft-padded feet going along both sides of me in the woods.

Another night is framed in lightning, and in the green glare of it I can see the painted, black curls of a doll I loved

even in the face of my brothers' sneers until I was long past seven. We were huddled together in the dark on the cellar stairs; our parents and older brothers were away. And it was a fine purple tale we had to tell them, when they came back, of a ball of lightning that came in through the mosquito-bar without singeing a thread of it and rolled back and forth on the floor and at last went up the fireplace! Again a tornado shook the house on a night when shattered limbs of trees hurtled past the windows and we could hear between the crashing of riven poplars my father whistling calmly "Joy, O joy, behold the Saviour." From a very distant year I recall a bed so high I could look down on the table's top and dreamed of being blown away over trees and people running far below. Again my father is putting in laths and building the very room I am living in, and the curly hairs of wood-shavings are all about underfoot. To know the beauty and security of a house one ought to grow up in one being built. A ladder turns into stairs; something solid and like peace is closed up away from the loneliness of the stars. . . . Isaiah Gordon's lion. He was before our time; yet we fancied we heard the footfalls of this catamount of the past as we waited, as far out on the rocks away from the dark pinewoods as we could get, for father to come to ferry us home from school. As a boy my father had seen the catamount one morning when he was driving his ox-team to town. Ahead was old Abram Scott, and between the two travellers on the early morning road a tawny beast crept on his belly like a great cat, stalking the old man and unaware of the younger. Father tore up a big stone and ran towards the beast with a shout. The catamount wheeled, snarled, and melted over a stonewall in the twinkling of an eye. Abram turned to see only a young man rushing towards him with a rock. Abram took to his heels from this evidently insane person who was so bent on manslaughter. So they raced. A sight to see at daybreak on a forest road! It was all as real and close to us as our fingers and toes.

My first fish was an iridescent cunner grazing with a cow-like movement of his purple jaws at a little park of rock-weed near the shore. I hardly dared to breathe as I presented him a hook buried in a whole clam. A tremendous jerk, and he lay gasping at my big-toes; and a rainbow melted from the world, for his iridescence vanished and he was just a dull, dying creature out of water. My first game-bird was another vanishing rainbow. He was a spoon-bill plover teetering along a round mirror of a salt-pond that reflected a clump of white birches. I had Long Tom, muzzle-loader bored out from a rifle of the Mexican War and the family heirloom of our firearms, a foot longer than the four feet of myself. I had to rest it on a dead tree to draw my bead. Even then the muzzle was weaving tremendous circles with the ecstasy of my body. It seemed I did not breathe for some hours. Then I fired and saw stars and heard the world turn into pealing bells as I lay on my back knocked clean over by the kick of my five-fingers of destruction. But there lay the bird, too. His wings were like delicate fans spread open on the mire. His long bill slanted uselessly across his breast. Behind it two soft eyes of jet and amber were growing dull. My brother found me sobbing with a dead bird clenched in my fist. But other hunting, when I had shed my milk teeth, brought thrills without the tears. Lanterns set in aureoles wandering through the lacework of frosty bushes like descended stars; and hounds far off baying the treed raccoon through a November night. Marsh-hens crossing and recrossing the silver path on the moonlit tide like black and lost souls. An antlered buck, his crested neck set in the fine diamonds of rippling water, swimming a bay with hounds yearning in hissing furrows after. A doe with two fawns holding her head high and stepping along on lacework legs so delicately that she did not stir the blue, October gentians. There was that memorable day when I stood up in knee pants among mustached crack-shots and put ten markers in the target and brought home the Thanksgiving goose from the shooting-match

where two taller brothers went empty-handed for all their skill. Days like that come but once in a lifetime.

The sea was a fact everywhere in our lives. Squadroned fogs marched in like Roman legions along the lanes of bays. Seguin's fog-horn boomed through the nights. I stood on the stern seat of a boat and speared at the hummocks with two protuding eyes; trails of puffy riles told me when I missed the flounder. I emptied out wicker eelpots with yellow-bellied eels writhing among the ballast stones. I learned to pick up crabs by their little, last claws, to plug lobsters' jaws shut with wedges of white pine, to mine for clams where their fountains played thickest about my bare legs. The rockweed in December showed one's footsteps as livid fire, and the myriads of infant jellyfish were flakes of phosphorescence, too. Honeypots, specimen of the acidity of New England humor in their name, engulfed one to the middle in blue, liquid clay. Marsh rosemary stitched with azure stars. There was a noble smell of tar in September, and the seines reeking from the huge cauldrons spoiled the grass for acres. After the tarring, came the shoals of fish on the wharves and silver flakes on everything. The taste of baby bluefish fried in butter and smelts baked with criss-crossed scraps of salt pork! One day we discovered squids. That was in a hedge at low tide, and my cousin was so horrified when she attempted to dip up these creatures that were all arms and mournful eyes that she fell over into the water among them when they shot out their ink at her. The richness of the smoke from the herring-house I shall not soon forget. Nor the evil light of the *ignis fatuus* which hung like a mysterious lantern over the marsh. The flotsam of the spring high tides was a treasure-trove to us, boxes and bottles full of romance, though likely enough they held nothing but kerosene or excelsior. Sea-gulls sat along the floating ice-cakes; I can never see a group of eight-oared shells without thinking of them. They turned the mussel-beds to snow. Skating on salt-water ice was ticklish business, for

there were the rifts of dark and dangerous water to get over when you wished to go ashore. Nights there were of strange silences and the light of lanterns when I sat among pallid turnips and floated in a gunlow through a universe of stars above and below; afterwards, firelight from a cracked old stove played on the belly of an ancient and enormous jug hung among the rafters.

Why do I associate the firelight on my mother's lustre pitcher with the sound of bees and the foundations for their combs in the shed loft? The Bristol pitcher was all gold with faded blue borders of shy forget-me-nots; and a herd of deer with noses embossed and pointing straight out at you wandered through a forest on the pitcher's sides. Why does a tale of Hans Andersen make me think of a certain place back of the kitchen where wild strawberries hung and rhubarb sent up its plumes? Why should wild strawberries bring back the design on my mother's paisley shawl? And what connection is there between high drifts of snow loop-holed with a broomstick and Ben Franklin? I only feel that there were times when we must have lived close to the secrets the poets discover and felt the kinship of the soughing pines behind the barn with the heroes of Homer.

The sound of a train far off in the night brings back the whole beauty and mystery of the farm attic. Sounds of voices strangely altered as they come to me through a floor can accomplish the same thing. There were old Sunday newspapers in the attic to turn through and find colored pictures. Once we came on a chest full of boxes of gilt, gold, silver, red, green. I remember my breeches twinkled with sprinkled stars. One rummaged through boxes with a catch in the breath, unearthed hoop-skirts and bustle frames, which were no good as life-preservers as we found when we tried them, and a flute one's grandfather had played. One's grandparents retreat last to the attic; after that they go out like sparks. Children in an attic play among opened graves. The sound of rain brings back a tale I read

once in a yellowed Sunday supplement of a robber who shot himself through the brain with a pistol cartridge loaded with a rare diamond and left a cryptogram referring to Shakespeare's lines,

> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Bags of buttons and a sense of awe and security. There were yawning chasms between joists that swallowed down our treasures, if we dropped them, into the bowels of the house. I should like to be around when that house is torn down; perhaps, then, I might recover a certain glory that the world had hung around it when I held again in my hands that glass-alley that had little pieces of the moon floating inside it. The houses of the wasps and beams of slanting light swimming with flakes of gold. . . . Poets ought to be brought up through childhood in attics.

Or in a haunted house—haunted because it is in New England and abandoned and so is full of the little presences which nature sends out like vedettes into the places she intends to take back into her lap. The swallows nesting on the mantel of such a house as we had within footing distance are only the vanguard of a more mysterious set of entities. One hears them moving in a wall where mice have long since fled. There is a quiet that is not a quiet to finer ears. Cinnamon roses seem lonely in such a place. One has vistas of upstairs rooms ceilinged with clouds; stairs go up to the blue sky; lathing and plaster seem like unburied bones craving the oblivion of dark earth. Old wallpaper seems like grasses under a stone. Two worlds meet in such a spot. Our haunted house was the more impressive since our father had been one of its tenants years before and had told us of a high laughter he had heard there late and lonely one night and of a local tradition which pointed out in a ledge back of the house the mark that countryfolks declared was the hoof-print of the Evil One.

Why does the New Englander always have cat-nine-tails

in a jar in the side hall? Is it to make friends with the outdoors, which may be so dangerous to folks living lonely?—Answer me that, and I shall tell you why I like to sit in the mow of a big New England barn when I want to be utterly at peace. I read of Hector first on a haymow, and of Arthur, too, I think. Down-cellar is another likely springboard into places that never were. Our cellar had rows on rows of bottles opalescent and full of an eerie half-light. The mind swung out free of the body in this cool unreality.

What did the many-colored earth we built into mountains and farmsteads in the garden mean to me that I remember it all these years? Why should a meadow newly gilded with dandelions burst always into my mind when I hear good news? One spot on the farm was the holy of holies, and I never went there save when I felt myself to be good. I know no reason why I felt this way; but I remember that star-flowers blossomed there, trailing arbutus, and, later, bird-on-the-wing. Caraway seeds were somewhere near. The pith of the best cookies, it may be, could not suffer the presence of wickedness.

Our farm gave us all sorts of things to do. There was the garnet rock where we dug out stones that seem now to have been as large as a thumbnail. But they always crumbled. I had once a bottle one-third full of pearls I got out of the sort of mussels which kelps love to use as anchors; yet they, too, went the way of Excalibur and Achilles' shield. I think we showed scientific leanings. We liked to dig up the bodies of the dolls we had decently buried in our dolls' graveyard to see how well they were getting on with their decay. We played the Stone Age game of pottery. We covered a long board pile with clay dishes we made. A sister of mine always did groups of cranes, one with his neck forever aloft, the other with his bill in the mud; she never varied. I had a passion for owls; they looked well with white beads set in for eyes. Like the best artists, the Greeks who took a rank weed and immortalized it in the acanthus

border and the New Englanders who put acorns on their butter-pats, we copied the life at hand. We tried to bake our crockery and sculpture into immortality in the oven; but not even a soup tureen remains today. We soused a Jonathan Swift sort of a cousin in the Well Pond in a boat of our making, Lord Fauntleroy suit and all. He was a thorn forever in our flesh. He took great pains to do everything from playing the piano to playing chequers better than we could; and he was so smart that he defeated all his achievements by the manifest brilliance of his methods. He could ruin a perfect cause simply by defending it. Christianity was not for us if he was going in for it.

We all had playhouses; but mine was the poorest, since I was the youngest in my triad of brothers and sisters. We came, you see, by threes. My sea-pond, too, was the smallest; and my hermit-crabs had shallower water in which to manoeuvre their portable mansions than my brothers', my mussel-shell fleets had a minor sea to command. The tide came the sooner into my pond and set my shrimps adrift. It was I who had to do the blowing up of the coals in the bonfire we had lucklessly kindled on the spot where we had been making fire-crackers all day out of blasting powder. And it was my face that suffered for our parents' failure to provide us with materials for the Fourth of July when the whole earth blew up. But it was excellent discipline that I got for the War later by being the youngest in my triad. And I had to take refuge so often in books to find independence that I grew more than the others into bookish ways. I can understand why the youngest sons and daughters in the ballads win true loves and kingdoms and have all the luck; it is all so unlike life.

But no catalogue of amber days can ever tell more than half of the story of my farm. When I was first learning to read, I had a nest of boxes telling the old and very sad tale of Cock Robin. The pictures were probably crude; but there was something magical about the story as one went

on inward to its heart, something over and above the flat lithographs of the kite and the bull and the fly. The four-sided character of the affair helped to suggest a fourth dimension. There was an overtone. My farm was like that. To the outsider my days would have seemed ordinary. They often seemed so to me. Yet there were moments of another sort, when I thought I saw around corners and saw white horses pulling my hours and my concerns along. At such times those holes in the sliding bank of the middle pasture would be more than holes down into the roots of trees; they would be stairways down to crystal wheels. And the patches of bark on the Norway pines nearby took on the shapes of dragons and griffins and werewolves. The place may seem rather usual now when I visit it. But there was a time, when my feet were bare and I could shin trees for crows' nests, the world had gilt upon it. That was when I was still the right size for my father to hold me on his knees by the hearthside and sing until the horizons grew vast,

As we rolled and pitch-poled
In the Bay of Biscay-O.

THE LAST TRUMP

By HUGH WALPOLE

IN a dark little house—17, Fawcett Street, Bloomsbury—lived the two Brandreths.

There are still many houses in London where, it appears, all the dark scenes in Dickens must have been played—Quilp haunts the basements, Jonas Chuzzlewit skulks crafty-eyed from the mutton-reeking dining-room, Lady Dedlock watches the shadow of Mr. Tulkinghorn haunt the spidery ceiling of the little sitting-room. The ghosts of Victorian muffin-men dim the pavement and pale straw-smelling cabs totter home to ghostly stables.

In such a little house lived the Brandreths waiting for the end of the world. Their home had not been changed for thirty years—not only they but everything in the house from the pink china shepherd and shepherdess on the sitting-room mantelpiece to the old dark clock with the yellow spotted face at the bottom of the stairs was also waiting for the end of the world.

The end of the world had been prophesied throughout the ages to take place exactly at 11:45 on the night of January 20th, 1929. It was strange when you considered that the prophecies had been so universal that only the Brandreths and some half-a-dozen other persons were aware of the important fact. Not strange on the other hand when you consider the important things that only Mr. Isaac Newton or Professor Einstein have known at different times, or even if you wish to consider a little further the strange things that only you yourself know, as for instance how the birds that sleep in the trees above the Rambla in Barcelona look like balls of silver, or that snails are best eaten with a flavour of lemon.

In any case Mr. Brandreth, now a bent silver-haired old bore of seventy, knew about the end of the world when he was twenty or so. He discovered it in the first place when in a temper with his mother. Because she had not cooked his Welsh Rarebit for his supper he sulked in his room (while she, poor lady, loving him, hurriedly cooked Welsh Rarebit to soothe him) and worked out the date from the Books of Isaiah and Ezekiel. He had had always a turn for mathematics, and it was late that night when, his mouth full of his desired toasted cheese, he made the astonishing discovery that the end of the world was arranged for precisely 11:45 on the night of January 20th, 1929. He went over his figures many times and found them quite correct, and in the rather hectic dreams that followed the cheese, God wrapped in a robe of silver wool came to him and congratulated him on having made a remarkable discovery.

Brandreth, like the rest of us, had a character commingled of many opposites. We are partly what others make of us, and to those who found Brandreth a bore that was exactly what he was. But there were others who saw in his pale thin hair, long bony nose and sharp watchful grey eyes a fascinating mystery. He never said very much and so seemed to be thinking the more. But, as a matter of fact he was, for most of the time, not thinking at all.

All his life long he was clerk in a bank in Wigmore Street and his natural ability for figures allowed him to do his work most efficiently and without any need for imaginative effort.

It was true perhaps that he had a good deal of the poet in him. One evidence of this was that he never felt the slightest desire to write poetry and another that he bought soon after his marriage the china shepherd and shepherdess for no other reason than that he liked the look of them.

But he put no poetry into his relationship with God. That was as practical and accurate a relationship as his attitude to figures. His great discovery could not even be said to have made him a religious man: it only made him an

extremely conceited one; and there is no conceit so all-absorbing as the one that must keep its reasons secret. He cherished his World-Destroying Date as another man would cherish a secret vice. It *was* for him a secret vice and gave him all the sense of luxury, the pride of rare personality, the rich incense-smoke of danger that secret vices give to their possessors. It gave him also an air of sacred mystery that irritated his fellow-clerks but attracted certain innocent persons, for the most part women. The clerks credited him with hidden mistresses (and wondered how he, mean as he was, managed to keep them) and the women, with hidden knowledge.

Mary Carter, an innocent child living with her parents who kept a boarding-house in Kensington, fell in love with him and saw him in a fire of poetry and golden mystery. He liked her figure and, being a most moral young man, married her.

They went to live in Bloomsbury and there patiently awaited the end of the world. When Mary Brandreth heard the news it did not seem to her an impossible event. The world must end sometime, her husband was the cleverest man she had ever known, and she was so deeply in love that she would believe anything that he told her.

The date, moreover, was thirty years removed and her only anxiety at first was as to the effect of the catastrophe on their children. When, after some years, it was clear that there would be no children, she was immensely relieved.

Mary Brandreth was, in the early years of her married life, a very simple woman. She believed utterly in the good Victorian doctrine taught her by her mother that a woman only truly lived when serving her husband and children. She had received no regular education but knew everything about how to help in running a boarding-house—that is she knew how to deal with lying guests, ill-mannered servants, insolent tradespeople, and an ailing mother. This knowledge made her in no way a cynic. She was a bright little thing when she married Brandreth. She thought on her wedding

day that a splash of Heaven had fallen on to the carpet and would never leave it again. Thirty years of marriage destroyed her sense of magic. What did it give her in exchange? It gave her a permanent horror of conjugal embraces, neuralgia behind the right ear, a tolerant but amused contempt of men, and a sense that God was the head of a large banking concern and sat in a dark room counting up figures.

Although it in no wise disturbed the regular pattern of her life it was nevertheless a memorable moment when she heard God's decision about the world's extinction. It was memorable for another reason: namely, that it was at this same time that she realized that she loved her husband no longer. How does love disappear from marriage? Ask the innumerable banging of doors, colds in the nose, buying of things that must be paid for, white lies, and a too confiding physical intimacy.

The stars in their courses fight against the dying of love, but not always with success. Women are patient and blind because they wish to be. Men are selfish and consider love only part of life. Poverty prevents separation and monotony gives unreal importance to ears that are too red, complacences that are too stupid, preoccupations that are too selfishly trivial.

So Mary woke up on this foggy winter evening when her husband was most offensively peeling an orange with his finger-nails and had forgotten, as he lazily informed her, to speak to the landlord about the leak in the lavatory, to discover that her husband was less to her than a piece of dough but that, on the whole, she would rather live with him than with anyone else. She looked about the little stuffy room with the paper fans, the photographs, the china shepherd and shepherdess and the picture of the Fall of Jerusalem and sighed.

"I suppose," she said, "we shall go on like this, evening after evening, for ever and ever."

"No," he answered, chasing a piece of orange round his

teeth with his finger, "only until 11:45, January 20th, 1929."

"Whatever do you mean, Henry?"

"Just what I say." A faint colour of excitement tinged his cheeks. "No one will be living with anyone after 11:45, January 20th, 1929. That's the end of the world."

For a moment she thought that he had gone mad and regarded him with a new interest, for she thought that she might begin to love him again were he truly out of his senses; he would be a more romantic figure, would be more dependent upon her care and would touch her heart again.

But no. He was extremely practical. He brought out his papers and proceeded to show her in his most lucid and bank-clerkly manner exactly why his calculations were so certain. They seemed to her to be so. She had no capacity for figures and an immense respect for her husband in that direction. Moreover he acquired a new character as he talked to her. His thin hair seemed to glow, his nose showed a noble curve, his eyes had fire—and this not at all because the End of the World seemed to him a poetic and romantic event but because the mathematical accuracy of his figures inspired him. It inspired Mary also. She sat near to him at the table, her round soft figure gathered into a kind of ball of eagerness. She was plump and pink, neat and amiable, then and ever. Nothing disordered her appearance. It was as though the necessity of appearing for so many years neat and undisturbed before her mother's lodgers had stamped itself forever on her soul. Neat and orderly she would always be.

When he came to the end of his announcement and sat back with an air of completed triumph, she could almost have loved him again. Her sense of his cleverness swallowed up completely any shock at the gravity of his news. Nineteen Twenty-Nine! What a long way away! In three weeks it would be Nineteen Hundred. Thirty years! Thirty years! Why, Henry was already forty and she herself thirty-five. They would probably both be dead by Nineteen Twenty-Nine.

The years passed with incredible swiftness but, oddly enough, the threatened date came no nearer. As is fortunate for the aged we live for the actual moment only. The past is dust, the future a fairy-tale. Thirty years in Fawcett Street gave Mary Brandreth two layers of experience. The top layer littered with things like bacon-rind, gloves in holes, holidays at Ramsgate and a book by the fire. The lower layer, which was concerned with the growth of her soul, seemed bare enough until you looked closely at it. No one looked closely, least of all Mary. The truth was she did not think of herself but only of the things that, day by day, she must do. Love being gone and her life emptied of all personal relations she busied herself with her daily duties: rise at 7:30, breakfast for Henry, slapping the house to keep it in order, choosing cabbages in the cheapest shops, a poached egg for lunch, slapping the house again, gossip with a shiny nose, a pair of pince-nez, or a new pink blouse (the shiny nose is called Miss Morrison, the pince-nez Mrs. Blunt, the pink blouse silly Miss Scatchard), then Henry home again, Henry blowing on his soup, Henry reading the paper, Henry snoring at her side.

So the thirty years passed and were it not for the second layer you might ask yourself (but Mary never asked herself) whether this is life. She had no curiosity about her soul. She went to church every Sunday at Saint Elizabeth's, Roswell Street, and there, like the rest, she said that she was a miserable sinner without meaning it and prayed for light to lighten her darkness without considering her words, because for years and years she had slept like one of the dead.

There came at last a time when she didn't sleep so well and—this was really irritating—Henry didn't sleep so well either. Henry's nights were broken with a cough that he had, and this cough became one of Mary's burdens.

It was a cough with a life all its own. This was strange about it, that it never came near Henry in the day-time and always chose its moment for disturbing Mary when, after much difficulty, she had at last sunk into her first sound sleep.

Kingdoms have been lost and won for causes less epochal than this cough. It was a cough with a history and progress all of its own. First it was a whisper, a murmuring strangling suggestion of what was to come; then it hesitated and the world held its breath while the chances were balancing; then, deciding on action, it broke into the silence, angry, rasping, indignant, protesting; then it raged in shrill feminine uproar; then seemed to die away, returned again, more complaining than ever, faded at last into a long scratching, teasing anticlimax, sighing finally to its death.

Henry was rather proud of his cough than otherwise. He had all man's odd determination to applaud his possessions as magnificently unique, simply because they were his. Mary at last proposed that she should sleep elsewhere. Henry said very little but showed her that he would strangle her in that event and count it no murder. So she remained.

But, lying awake and running races with the loud-voiced, yellow-faced clock, seeing the Cough walk the bedroom in person as a white-faced, spindle-shanked old man in a nightshirt, she began at last to consider her latter end and indeed the end of all the world.

The years passed. There was the War with air-raids that shared the Cough's idle irresponsibility, there was the rationing of sugar and butter, the death in Flanders of Mrs. Tallon's youngest boy and May Cross's lover, there was the Armistice with its disappointing wet evening, there was 1919 and there was 1920 and there was 1921. Nineteen Twenty-Nine was not now so very far away.

She began then consciously to share with Henry his secret. They were now two old people. They had for one another that attitude, customary in human beings who have lived so long together in physical contact, of emphasizing half-a-dozen small things. Mary saw Henry as a Cough, a Pretence of Deafness when an answer would be a bore, a Wearer of Loose Slippers, a Master of Accounts, and a lover of Welsh Rarebit. Henry saw Mary as a Spendthrift (which

she was not), an incorrigible Lover of Idle Pleasure (which she was not), and a Dullard. Nevertheless their secret—to which they never alluded—bound them together.

One night, in the Spring of 1922, Mary, wakened by the Cough, had a sudden startling conviction of Sin. She was a tender-hearted, generous woman and it came to her in a flash that they were behaving wickedly because they kept their secret to themselves. Here in another brief year or two everything would come to an end. How it would come she had never in all these years considered. It might be Bang! like a shot from a gigantic gun, or it might be an immediate slipping into darkness and icy cold, or it might be a blast from a Trumpet—whatever way it came it would be the End for millions and millions of poor souls who, had they but known, could have made preparations, wound up their affairs, said their farewells to those whom they loved.

It was strange that never had she doubted the certain truth of her husband's calculations. For one thing the fact had been with her so long that it was now part of herself like the ache in the soles of her feet when she shopped or the earache that came with an easterly wind. For another, she had an immense respect for figures and especially for her husband's mastery of them. He had made his calculations and he was never wrong.

Well then, what about all these others? Was it not awful that they should not be warned? Although she had no very close friends there were yet a number of men and women for whom she cared. How could she face them now knowing what she knew and yet keeping it from them?

At last, after much considering hesitation she spoke to Henry. Did he not think it right that some others should share their knowledge with them?

He was not, to her surprize, as scornful as usual. He had a way, when she suggested anything, of looking at her as though she were a candidate for the nearest mad-house, and it had been always one of the exasperations of their

life together that, while he regarded her proposals with contempt, the merest neighbour might, afterwards, make the very same suggestion and be welcomed.

On this occasion, however, she caught a glimpse of something in him deeper than she had for a long time realized. This had worried him also—his duty to others. Perhaps there had been some vanity mingled with it, the desire to extract from some beside his poor imbecile wife awe and admiration.

He thought about it: for days he forgot his business and did what he had not done for many years, gave his imagination freedom. The possibility of telling others opened suddenly a new light on his own convictions. Incredulity, scorn, public laughter . . . after all, was he so sure? He had for so many years trusted confidently in his calculations. Now he renewed them all, spent hours of the evening at home in delicate company of prophecy with prophecy, of year with year, of text with text. His task was of course at the heart of it absurd. He was no Hebrew scholar, had no especial knowledge of biblical criticism, trusted in the main to an old faded brown volume "Human Destiny as Revealed by the Prophets" written by one Jacob Rampion fifty years ago.

Indeed he was too honest a man to cheat himself as to his own ignorance. He knew that he knew nothing, but it was this very ignorance that seemed to fortify him—"out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." Someone had chosen him for this especial knowledge. Had he been more of a scholar he would have doubted more. Behind all the figures, the doubts, the hesitations that certainly seemed to beat: "Eleven forty-five, January Twentieth, Nineteen Twenty-nine. This is my word to you and you must keep it."

He reached indeed now a very close personal intimacy with God. This did not give him at all the air of a prophet. He remained for his fellow clerks and all the outside world a neat, white-bearded, reticent, sharp-tempered old man

who knew his business and did it without an unnecessary word to anyone.

"Thinks he's God Almighty," they sometimes said of him, but not because he was inspired, only because he was conceited.

At last, after much anxious thought, some six persons were informed. They were chosen with the utmost care: first Amy Durham, an old maid who worshipped him and thought he could do no wrong; then James Saxton, a wizened old man who came in sometimes of an evening to play dominoes with him, and old Clara his wife. Later there were three more: Rumbold, a cigar merchant who had found God in a vision some ten years back—he was the only visionary of the little group; Jane, his daughter, a simple-minded girl who believed anything her father told her; and old Miss Turtis, a friend of Mary's and so desperately afraid of God that she looked under her bed for Him every night before climbing into bed.

There they were: Amy Durham, James and Clara Saxton, William Rumbold and his daughter Jane, and old Miss Turtis. They all for different reasons believed in Henry's statement, being in fact like most human beings, only too ready to believe in anything, were they only let alone.

There was no appearance among them of religious sectarianism; there was no appearance of any religion at all, but as time wore on and the date approached more nearly, they formed ever more strongly the habit of staying closely together. They did feel that they were marked out from the rest of the world. William Rumbold, who daily walked with God, had long worn the air of a mystic although Nature had ill-designed him for the rôle, making him square of figure and stout of belly. Miss Turtis became a little mad, waving her hands in the air and talking aloud to herself in the street. The others stayed outwardly unchanged.

Mary, who was old and often in pain and always with too much work to do, found that she awaited the date with in-

creasing eagerness. Life had not given her so many delights that she should shrink from leaving it. She was weary of the monotony of event, the scantiness of finances, above all of Henry.

Whether there were another life or no—and of this she could never be quite determined—the probabilities were that after January 20th, 1929, she would be relieved of Henry's cough, of his complaints about his meals, his exasperating habit of scratching his beard, his certainty so often expressed that she herself was a fool.

When the Last Trump sounded, Henry would go with the rest and it would be surely to credit Providence with too persistently malicious an attention to details to suppose that she should still be compelled to remain with him. Every night now when he awoke her with his cough, she counted the months to her relief from it and, lying there beside him, watching his thin body shaken with it, stepping out onto the cold oil-cloth to fetch him his drops, she would mutter: "Not for much longer, Henry."

As time went on she became extremely weary of the rest of the group; Miss Turtis with her holy mutterings, Rumbold with his stout ecstasies that were like so many stomach-exercises, the Saxtons with their air of being in on an especially lucrative betting action.

She was kind of heart but desperately, desperately fatigued. The thought that in another year and a half the buying of cabbages would be over for her forever was as strong a relief to her brain as her evening cup of tea was to her body.

On Christmas Day, 1927, she and Henry had a word or two. He had invited the Group for a quiet Christmas evening. Mary had been willing enough that they should come, had even prepared a little supper for them, but when at last they were all there, eating and drinking as though they would never have another Christmas meal (and they would, poor things, have but one more), eyeing one another

with a sort of tyrannous intimacy (as though they despised one another but were held together and must put up with it), she felt that it needed all her self-control not to slap their faces and bang their heads together. Afterwards they played cards for infinitesimal points and squabbled over their gains and losses. It looked bad because Henry and Mary had won more than any of their guests and, although the winnings were but a few shillings, the principle was the same.

Mary, in spite of her round rosy placidity, was very grim. After the guests' departure Henry, moving bedwards, threw over his shoulder.

"Never knew you so grumpy. What was the matter with you?"

"Sick of it," Mary answered. "Simply sick of it."

"Sick of what?" he asked her.

"Everything. Every day. Every hour."

He was shocked. "That's blasphemous," he said.

"Anyway," she answered. "There's only another year of it, thank God."

That made him very angry. By tacit agreement they never alluded to the Event. He scolded her volubly. At the end of it she simply nodded her head.

"It's all very well for you, Henry. Your work interests you, but I've got nothing. You're as wearisome to me as all the rest—you and your cough."

This shocked him so deeply that he could say nothing but only stood there, a pathetic figure perhaps with his bones and untidy hair and mouth gaping.

Then, as the year advanced, she discovered that there was something she was afraid of. Of what? She could not conceive. Certainly not of death, for if it were eternal sleep it were a blessing, and if it were something more active then at least there would be a change.

Certainly it was not fear of leaving anyone, for there was no one to leave. There was no lonelier person in all the

world than she. She had not now a friend in the world and to leave Henry would be a miracle of relief. She was no poet. She did not see the world as a masterpiece of stars, tapestries, and cloth of gold, but rather as a messy arrangement of unwashed plates, unpaid bills, and 'shooing' the cat. She was no investigator. She had never asked the reason for anything in her life. She was no ironist; the sense that life was a ridiculous affair gave her no satisfaction at all.

No. . . . And yet there it was. One day she would discover of what she was afraid and then it might be too late.

When the foggy autumn days arrived—days when every London face seemed the ghost of every other—the Group began to show nerves. They kept ever closer the one to the other. They led lives of the most scrupulous purity and honesty. They guarded every word that fell from their lips and spoke most kindly of their neighbours.

No one of them had any near and dear to leave behind them, but they began to develop a curious affection for everyone whom they encountered, as one does on the day before a long journey into a distant and perilous land. It was now a regular thing for them to meet in the dingy little house in Fawcett Street every evening. Henry and Rumbold played dominoes, Miss Turtis patience, Mary worked about the house. They said very little to one another, for what could they say that was of any kind of importance?

Every event, whether it were King George's illness, the cricket in Australia, the sad plight of the poor miners in Wales and Northern England, reached triviality in comparison with the approaching End of Everything. They developed indeed a kind of grim interest in the King's sickness. Poor man! Did he but know the vain uselessness of all this struggle! At one time eleven doctors came to see him! What an expense and all for nothing! Little Miss Turtis felt very badly about it indeed. Once and again it was announced that someone had committed suicide. Here most truly was wasted effort!

Mary alone found that she could take no interest at all in any outside event. So tired and exhausted was she that she could scarcely think. Dimly sometimes she speculated on the nature of the Event. Would it be a fearful explosion? She did hope not. She could not abide a sudden noise and always put her hands to her ears in a theatre when anyone handled a revolver. But the relief, the blessed relief! No more Henry, no more Cough, no more drying of dishes, no more shabby shopping, no more earache, no more. . . . And yet. . . . And yet. . . . There was this doubt, this hesitation. Some discovery that she would make. Something that she had yet to learn. . . .

Christmas evening was damp and disagreeable. They sat, all of them, about the fire, quite silent. Not a word was spoken. When twelve struck they whispered one another good-night and crept away.

A clear sparkling brittle frost caught the town. London was crystallized, suggesting like a frosted mirror that a magical view hung only just beyond sight. You walked the streets as though their walls were hung with the sparkling globes of the Christmas Tree and, in the little Squares, where no sound came, the thin rind of frost lay all day on the sheet of green. Everyone was expectant but of what no one knew. King George V was better in his health, the cricketers played well in Australia, and so Englishmen were happy.

It is true that the miners were uncomfortable, but that trouble would right itself very shortly.

January 20th arrived and was damp and foggy once more. Expectancy was over. Once more the promise of beauty was not fulfilled. A young man in Paris on his honeymoon wrote discontentedly in his diary: "At the Louvre. The Gioconda has a smut in her eye." Someone in Stockholm, a painter, discovered a new way of immortalizing the right shade of purple. In Rome a lady lost her Pekinese, in Granada some Americans from a Mediterranean cruise whilst visiting the Alhambra thought of a

new fancy-dress for the dance aboard-ship to-morrow night. All those were important events to the persons concerned. In 17 Fawcett Street, Bloomsbury, London, the old yellow-faced clock struck eleven-thirty. The Group was gathered round the table with the faded red table-cloth that had a hole in its right-hand corner. Miss Turtis, Mr. Rumbold and his daughter were praying, Miss Turtis aloud but the Rumbolds with their heads bowed. The Saxtons, James and Clara, sat with their hands clasped. They looked at one another dimly but with the eyes of love. Their lives had been to any outside person completely useless and uninteresting, but for themselves both dramatic and eventful, for they had discovered with every month that love, when it really sets to work and intends to make a good job of it, can pierce depth after depth of new experience and that there is no end to its discoveries. Not that they thought of it like that. They only held hands and waited in perfect confidence. It was for them as though they were moving out of one house into another one. And so long as they were together it did not matter to them what sort of house it might be.

Mary, looking at them, envied them. How wonderful could she but feel like that about Henry! But, looking across the table at him, even at this ultimate moment he irritated her. He was sitting there, his hands folded in front of him, in a state of maddening self-complacency. The great moment of his life had come, not at all because he was about to meet his God or pierce the splendours of Heaven or answer once and for all the great overwhelming Question; simply because in another ten minutes the cleverness of his mathematical calculations would be proved.

Yes, Mary knew of what he was thinking. Her own thoughts were too wearily confused for any summary. She was thinking perhaps of nothing at all, except of the intense relief that the End would bring her. Or was it that? Was there not an apprehension? She moved restlessly, clasping and unclasping her hands.

Their eyes were now all fixed upon the clock. There was absolute stillness save for its ticking. No sound without the house or within it. Mary's thoughts ran to old Ellen, the 'char' who came in mornings to clean. They had had many relations together during these years, Ellen and Mary. Relations friendly, hostile, humourous, pathetic. It had been cruel not to tell her. But was it cruel? Was it not better for her to move unconsciously, not knowing, asleep by now . . . ?

The hands moved. Six minutes, five, four. . . . Miss Turtis cried out with a sharp hysterical whine: "Oh God, receive me, receive me, into Thy Kingdom! Oh God, receive me, receive me!"

She sprang to her feet, staring at the clock. The clock, that was now for them the only thing alive in the world, gave the little drunken twisted whirr that always came before it struck.

"NOW!" cried Henry, leaping to his feet, his eyes on fire.

The clock wheezed the three-quarters—then, after another little chirrup of self-satisfaction, went on quietly ticking. The silence was as profound as before.

Nothing had happened.

Nothing had happened.

They waited in silence for five minutes, ten, then the clock struck the hour. They listened to all the twelve strokes. They heard dimly from the Church two streets away midnight sound.

Then Rumbold rose.

"I fancy your calculations were out, friend," he said, then got his hat and coat and, followed by his daughter, stole away.

The others, without a word, followed him.

Henry and Mary sat at the table for an hour longer and no word spoken.

At last Henry, his face dulled, blanched, his eyes weary, his voice wretchedly dejected, murmured: "The figures

were wrong. It was like Rumbold said. I miscalculated. All these years I've been cheating you."

Then Mary knew. A flood of warmth, of exhilaration, of discovery swept over her. *That* was what she had feared, not death, not pain, not punishment, but the leaving the little daily things, the plates, the Cough, the shopping, the London streets, the barrows of fruits and vegetables, the pages of the Daily Express, the buying a new ribbon for her hat, the smell of eggs and bacon, the chatter of a morning with Ellen—even the pains and weariness, the earache, the weariness of the feet, the damp of a wet day, the climbing of the stairs at night—everything was to go on after all. She was old, but there would still be some years of it, years of Fawcett Street and Henry and light and dark, sleep and waking. She would not leave them. They were with her still. She was happy as she had never been since she was a young girl in love.

He stole a frightened look at her. She would laugh at him now, the one thing that he always feared.

"You'll despise me now, deceiving you so."

She looked at him. She did not love him any more than she had done. It was not love that she felt. But she was glad that he was there, just as he was—just exactly as he was.

He began to cough. She slowly climbed the stairs to his bedroom to fetch him his drops.

DISCUSSIONS OF NEW BOOKS

THE TIGER

By Herbert Heaton

THIS spring has certainly been a Clemenceau season—which may explain why the elements have been so stormy. On my desk rest five volumes by or about the French statesman. Three of them are actually by him, and comprise his *Credo* and *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. The fourth is a Boswellian collection of reminiscences and thinkings aloud, dutifully steered and recorded by Jean Martet, who for a time was Clemenceau's secretary and held the old man's confidence right to the end. The fifth is a biography by George Adam, who for many years served as Paris correspondent of the London Times. Owing to some apparent oversight there is no study by Ludwig. That is a pity, for as one watches the violent unfolding of Clemenceau's character, with its fierce hatreds, its ruthlessness, its reserves of energy in opposition, in office, and in the long twilight of political exile, one needs an exponent of the new biography or the once-new psychology to explain this human cyclone.

What a record Clemenceau had! Born in 1841, and meeting as a child men who could tell him about 1793; living through 1848 and the triumph of Louis Napoleon, and watching the arrest of his father on a charge of conspiracy

In the Evening of My Thought. By Georges Clemenceau. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $12.50 *Grandeur and Misery of Victory.* By Georges Clemenceau. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.00. *Georges Clemenceau.* By Jean Martet. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00. *The Tiger: Georges Clemenceau.* By George Adam. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

against the Empire; studying medicine and coming to America in the days of the Civil War to see how democracy worked, teach French and riding to New England schoolgirls, and marry a daughter of Springfield, Massachusetts; returning to France, to live through the Franco-Prussian war and serve as Mayor of Montmartre during the storm of the Paris Commune: stepping definitely into those twin occupations, journalism and politics, and into fifty years of perpetual fighting over Boulanger, the Panama Canal, Dreyfus, clericalism, syndicalism, and the score of other scandals that filled the witches' cauldron of French politics and provided themes for Anatole France. But the sting of his pen and tongue made him far more disliked than loved. He had few friends; in fact, he seems to have reached the conclusion that it was unwise to like folk or win friends. "If you ever want to take up politics as a career," he warned Martet, "and want to get anywhere, don't worry yourself with questions of liking. Keep yourself always in readiness to break with your friends. Otherwise you will be lost, lost. You will never be able to carry through what you have decided to do. In politics it is your friends who hold you back."

Such a creed has loneliness as its heaven (or hell); and, after all, the joy of bringing down cabinet after cabinet, of being a perpetual thorn in the side of ministries, of being always "agin the government," suggests a rather queer conception of public service. Hence, although Clemenceau was Prime Minister once, from 1906 to 1909, his strong will, his inability to brook opposition or to tolerate the mediocrity of his colleagues, and his violent temper brought his downfall at the age of sixty-eight. In the eyes of most people he now seemed "done for"; perhaps he would linger on for a little while as the stormy petrel, the Warwick of the Republic, and the editor of that eternally grumbling paper *L'Homme Libre*. But power, importance, would never be his. But for the outbreak of the war Clemenceau

might have gone down even in French history as a very minor bad-tempered and unpleasant politician, who was ever attacking those who shouldered the burden of office but made a sorry mess of things on the one occasion when he accepted that burden. Every country has such men; perpetual critics, never willing to grant the administration a morsel of credit, fighting sometimes for worthwhile causes, but often wielding their shillelaghs just for the joy of the game and the sublimation of a pugnacious libido. And, of course, Clemenceau was in the Senate.

We need not recall here how the war eventually thrust Clemenceau into power. For the first three years of that conflict he was still the critic, exposing the inadequacies of the army medical service, attacking the censorship, and damning the general conduct of the war. Of his patriotism we can of course entertain no doubt; no one ever loved France more than he did, and after the *Panther* crisis he had been centering his attacks chiefly on the lack of preparedness for an inevitable war with Germany. Now he went as far as the censor would let him in exposing the muddles of the industrial mobilisation of the country, of the Salonika expedition, of allied diplomacy, of the failure to deal with defeatism; he attacked the muzzling of the press, the half-truths of the official despatches and communiqués, the ignoring of parliament by the administration, the use of martial law, and all the other irruptions of despotism.

Then in November, 1917, came the call to drop the pen and take up the sword. "I am terribly afraid of it," he said to Martet. "I would give anything to escape from it! You've merely to look at me and see clearly that I'm a goner: seventy-six years old, rotten with diabetes. . . . How do you expect me to pull it off?" Besides, the mess was too awful to contemplate: "My unhappy country frightens me. . . . Parliament bewildered and enslaved, a press preposterous, a public opinion unbalanced, distracted . . . and beyond all that, just words." Cle-

menceau could scarcely believe that Poincaré, whom he hated and had attacked unceasingly, would send the S O S to him. But it came, and he answered it with scarcely a moment's hesitation.

That was November 16th, 1917. Within 360 days the fight was finished, the enemy defeated; then came seven months of peace-making, seven months of fighting the critics at home, and in January, 1920, the final exit. Did any man ever crowd so much action into twenty-six months? For Clemenceau was action incarnate; alongside him Lloyd George moved like a snail. He was everywhere at once—dashing off to the front, seeing soldiers, talking to generals, rushing back to make a speech in parliament or attend a committee meeting, slipping over to London, racing back to the front, fighting all the time. Fighting defeatism, fighting inefficiency even in the high ranks, fighting for more troops from England, for the immediate use of the American soldiers regardless of the banner under which they fought, for the establishment of the unified command; fighting parliament when it wanted to flay Foch for the failure at the Chemin des Dames, fighting Foch when he would not order Haig and Pershing about, fighting Poincaré when he supported Foch against Clemenceau, and fighting those who talked of peace while war was still going on. A man of one purpose—Victory—but of a hundred tongues and two hundred fists, dealing out orders and blows wherever anything stood in the way.

Ruthless, arrogant, dictatorial, realistic, cynical, he stopped at nothing; as Adam says (p. 181) "In the achievement of (French) salvation, all those fine ideals of social progress, those dreams of regeneration and justice and freedom, which formed the bearable human part of his philosophy, had to be sacrificed to his blood-red vision of life as a series of brief periods of illusion rent by the stark horrors of cataclysmic killings. In office he had to suppress the propagation of gospels he had himself preached; to de-

liver to justice—and to that military justice against which he had himself so ardently struggled—men who had fought side by side with him for his radical ideas." Supported chiefly by his old enemies—the Right and the Clericals—he crushed the press, muzzled parliament, "preached fraternity and paraded firing parties," filled his ministry with nonentities so that his might be a one-man cabinet, and cheered the popular belief in strong government by jailing or shooting real or suspected traitors. Men began to get a glimpse of what the other reign of terror had felt like. He went over the country with a fine-tooth comb to gather every available man into the army, rationed civilians as had never been done before, shut down the pastry shops, and piled taxation on more heavily than ever. He went through the commanding staffs with an X-ray eye and fired the incompetents. He sought no popularity, only victory. But he won both, for the French people at last could feel there was real force in the government, and that the man in the trenches was not being betrayed by the civilians in the capital. And so through the dark days of 1918 he kept the torch alight; in the blackest periods of retreat his upper lip was always stiff, even if England had abandoned nine divisions after the March catastrophe and the American leaders were determined not to approach the line till they could do so as a self-contained unit under the Stars and Stripes.

The Armistice was not however the sign for Clemenceau's struggles to cease; it was merely the end of the beginning. The German had been overcome, but there were still some of the old Richmonds in the field—Foch and Poincaré, and some new ones—Wilson and Lloyd George. And of course there were all those opponents who had been muzzled for a season, but who could now reassert their rights. So the path of the Peace Conference was strewn with difficulties, and outside there were all the problems of transition from war to peace conditions. For a season the "father of victory" could ride on that title to popular favor, and even

hope that he might be elected president. But parliament chooses the president in France, and the parliamentarians feared any continuance of the tyranny. Clemenceau would be no "prisoner of the Elysée," no mere wearer of a silk hat and evening dress clothes. He would want to be dictator, and he knew the tricks of parliament so well that he would be able to get what he wanted. Better get rid of him. So Deschanel was chosen, and Clemenceau passed out, to spend the rest of his life travelling or living among the roses in his fisherman's cottage in La Vendée.

Did he hope for quiet and rest, this old man of eighty years? Did he even know what rest was? A trip to the United States in 1922 to defend his country against charges of militarism, a trip to India and to the Eastern Mediterranean, but what else? Two huge volumes giving his views on free will, immortality, God, absolute knowledge, the atom, evolution, civilisation, cosmology, and so on, came from his pen in 1927*; perhaps he wished posterity to think of him as a philosopher-ruler, as a man who had combined statecraft with the study of science, art, history, and schools of thought. But I doubt whether posterity will give much attention to these thousand pages of ramblings over everything in general. It will look on them as the things a tiger wrote while it was having to crouch a longer time than usual before it could spring. For Clemenceau's last act was a spring, a fierce leap from the rose bushes, and a wild dash at the body of some who were dead and some who still lived.

Clemenceau would have us believe that he wrote "Grandeur and Misery of Victory" with much reluctance. He declares that he had intended to pass silently into the darkness, but that Foch drove him to speak by allowing Recouly to publish *"Le Mémorial de Foch"* based on conversations with the Marshal. In this volume Foch made so many serious charges and mis-statements that Clemenceau was

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*In the Evening of My Thought. (English translation published by Houghton Mifflin in 1929).

forced to break his silence in order to defend himself. "I used to find a strength in silence," he laments. "Why did not Foch allow me to remain shut away within it?" "I owe him a grudge for not having allowed me to end my days in the modest self-respect of a silence in which I had set my chief inward bliss. I find myself asking whether I should not have done better to remain . . . mute."

Candidly I think this is bluff. If Foch was the only cause of the outburst, why attack others than Foch in the retort? Why dig up the story of Malvy and Caillaux and the other "traitors," why repeat the well-known criticism of America, why insert a long attack on unrepentant Germany, why bother with six chapters of rather unconvincing stuff about the mutilations of the Versailles treaty, why publish the open letter to Coolidge, and why brand Briand as "the leading light of French defeatism"? It isn't necessary to attack all the people you dislike because one of them has offended you. Further, Martet's volume of conversations shows that Clemenceau intended Martet to take a lot of documents which Clemenceau had retained, and use them for some sort of memoir, in which Foch, Poincaré, and the rest were to be flogged. So we must conclude that Clemenceau's tears at the breach of silence were Hollywood tears, made of glycerine.

I'm sorry those tears were shed and the book saw the light; for Clemenceau's reputation suffers seriously thereby, and I suspect Frenchmen may feel glad that he passed off the stage in 1920. We can grant the force of all he says in reply to Foch. He undoubtedly made Foch, gave him his chance, won for him the unified command, defended him generously after the failure to stem the Germans at the Chemin des Dames, and even condoned rank insubordination on at least one occasion. Yet Foch, who took amazing steps to win Clemenceau's goodwill while in the climbing stage—as for instance sending him a copy of a Foch bust in 1916—showed no gratitude, but rather the reverse. In the

struggle to get the Americans into the line he and Poincaré refused to bring pressure to bear on Pershing when Clemenceau demanded it, and boasted in his talks with Recouly that he took absolutely no notice of at least one letter from his political head.

When the armistice came, Foch believed that since he had made the victory he should make the peace, and asked for an official from the French Foreign Office who would help him in discussing questions of peace direct with the Germans. When this was refused him he hammered away insistently at the demand for the Rhine as the French frontier. For a time Poincaré and Clemenceau were of the same mind, for this had been a French war aim since 1915, but when it became evident that Lloyd George and Wilson would not agree to the creation of a new Alsace-Lorraine grievance, Clemenceau climbed down and accepted instead the temporary occupation of the area and the Security Pact offered by America and Great Britain. When Foch heard of this agreement he was furious, demanded several hearings, and even refused to transmit a telegram from Clemenceau telling the German delegation that Versailles was ready to receive it. No wonder Wilson exploded with the remark, "I will not entrust the American Army to a general who does not obey his Government," while Bonar Law commented that a British general who acted in that way would not keep his post for five minutes! In the middle of the discussions Foch gave an interview to the London Daily Mail; when called to account by Clemenceau he denied that he was the author of the interview, yet later on he told Recouly that he had given the interview. He and Poincaré quietly encouraged the movement for a Rhineland Republic, and on several occasions communed together behind Clemenceau's back and in opposition to the agreements being reached by the Big Four. It's a sorry story and doubtless loses nothing in being told by Clemenceau; but Adam's discussion of the relations between Tiger and Marshal, though more kind

to Foch, gives the same general impression of Foch's queer conception of discipline and the rôle of the soldier.

But if there is mud on Foch's tunic, how do Clemenceau's grey gloves come out of his public laundering of the events of ten years? Not very well, for the rest of the book is a tiresome reiteration of the thesis that everything done and everybody in power since January, 1920, have been bad, weak (if not worse), and that the treaty has thereby been mutilated in shameful fashion. The first mutilation came from the American refusal to sign the treaty and even to consider the Guarantee Pact, and on this whole topic Clemenceau does prompt us to a little soul-searching. Next came the financial mutilations through the scaling down of the reparations payments; after that Locarno; then the apathy of the allies while Germany began to arm again when France was disarming. Then there were muddles concerning the strengthening of the French frontiers, and finally a wave of defeatism which threw away bit by bit the benefits and compensations that victory had won. In short the victors have gone to sleep, have allowed the vanquished to escape just punishment, to begin that furtive or open defiance of the treaty, and to start that preparation for revenge which makes another Franco-German war inevitable as soon as Germany feels strong enough. For of course all this rests on two theses: first, that the treaty was capable of enforcement in its entirety, and, second, that Germany is still the barbarous nation of disciples of Treitschke and Bernhardi that we said she was during the war, a wild ravenous beast, unchanged, unchangeable, and solely responsible for the war.

To such an attitude one can only ask a few questions. Has Clemenceau read anything on the origin of the war? What would he have done to keep the treaty intact had he remained in power? What could he have done differently to extract reparations, for instance? Would he have refused to face the economic realities, or gone into the Ruhr,

or what? Doesn't he realise that the treaty has worked fairly well where it was constructive, and broken down only where it tried to impose fantastic punishments or continue into peacetime the enmities of war days? Are not Locarno, the League, the Kellogg Pact, and the other efforts to foster European unity worth making, in place of the fatalistic acceptance of the creed that nothing can be changed either materially or spiritually?

To such questions one will search in vain for answers or clues from Clemenceau's lips. Instead one gets outbursts that remind one of Carlyle, or which make one feel that the most jingoistic German writers have in Clemenceau their most distinguished disciple. For the rest it is hopeless cynical stuff. Listen! "The great mistake made by the French governments since 1920 is to have dandled our people from concession to concession without making them understand, first of all, that a nation with a past like ours could not accept peace *at any price*—that is to say at the cost of compromising their honour; secondly, that with neighbours like the Germans this peace could only be ensured by making the necessary sacrifices. Those means are the same since the world began and can be summed up in the words 'Be strong'" (p. 354). Or again, "Peace or war, we are in the midst of a relentless struggle for power. Woe to the weak! Turn your back on the purveyors of soothing syrup!" and on the strains of the "Geneva guitar" twanged by a "maid-of-all-work League of Nations."

Is that so, wise man of France? Is that all the past of your nation has taught you, a past in which wars mostly of your making since the days of Louis XIV have led mostly to your defeat? You were on the winning side this time, but if France is slipping back into the apathy you deplore you may not be next time, if there is to be a next time—and of that you are sure. And if your creed prevails with that of Treitschke—we'd all forgotten about that old stalking-horse till you dragged him out of his stable again—you will

prove a true prophet. But there are other men and other creeds worthy of trial, and they happen to live in many lands. Let's give them a chance. They may fail us, and we shall then have to hunt for another tiger. But there is another kind of tiger-hunt, from which fortunately you are now safe. Lucky man!

EXPLOITS OF A REBEL

By John Donald Wade

HARD put for something better to do, the race of book reviewers, when they tackle a biography, can always fall back upon a standard question. How, they inquire, does the author *know* that this thing or that actually happened? What *evidence* has the author that the bright sun was enheartening to his hero, or the dull clouds depressing? Now that is a question as hard to answer as it is easy to ask, and doubtless Mr. Preston has not troubled himself over it very much.

In truth, he should not trouble himself. He has written a book that is patently wise and honest, and if people make an objection to his quite justifiable assumptions, it is a safe bet that he knows what to tell them to do with it.

Anthony Wayne's grandfather came to America in 1722 and settled on a large farm a few miles west of Philadelphia. He was rich and prominent, and his son, Anthony's father, marrying judiciously, was also rich and prominent. As a boy, Anthony cared little for books, but his zeal for military legend violated all the frontiers of normality. Obsessed with the image of Julius Caesar or of scouts who had dealt death, in his own time, to Indians and to Frenchmen, he marshalled his schoolfellows into battalions and with them diverted him-

A Gentleman Rebel; the Exploits of Anthony Wayne. By John Hyde Preston. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $5.00.

self with many puerile sallies upon barns and haystacks that bristled with nothing more disconcerting than insensitiveness.

Older, he was for a short time a student at the University of Pennsylvania. Then, as a surveyor, he was connected with one of the few unpractical schemes that Benjamin Franklin ever thought feasible; he attempted at Franklin's behest to colonize Nova Scotia. But he came home in 1765 and the next year, at twenty-one, married a Philadelphia Penrose.

The only thing left for him was to settle down to the routine of farming, with occasional interruptions when he was called upon to establish this or that land-line. He found all routine irksome. He was born so. Even the ecstasy of a charge in battle, if in the nature of things a charge might be perpetual, would doubtless soon have seemed to him inexpressibly dull. Luck, mindful of his happiness, saw to it that when he was thirty there was a war for him.

Under George Washington he was a good soldier, daring, and unwearied by anything but waiting for more and more combat. That war, which made him a general, was the center of his life, and it came too close to being the whole of it. He lived fifty-one years, but half of this book about him is given to the period 1776-1782.

With the coming of peace, he lived for a while in Georgia, where the government had granted him a plantation. Then and later, till Washington sent him to subdue the Indians in Ohio, he was wretched, unable to adjust himself to any ways except the ways of war. Once with his troops again, he was again at peace.

Mr. Preston evidently understands such a disposition. He finds battle maneuvers interesting, and he manages by his artful accounts to make them seem vivid and important to people whose usual concerns are not at all of that nature. So sympathetic is he, for instance, with Wayne's passion for Death and Glory (genus military) that one almost suspects him of being himself a sort of romantic. But on that score

he is at bottom sufficiently realistic. For when Pulaski is killed, indomitable Pulaski, in the rushing glory of battle, Mr. Preston exclaims, "Poor Pulaski!"—poor. That word says much.

The entire tone of Mr. Preston's book accords with the notions of wisdom that the year 1930 has fixed upon as sound. No one in contact with such a book in 1930 can fail to think it admirable.

In an introductory note about the author one learns that he is not an academician, and that he is not distressed by his plight. Unhappily the fact involves him in some things that would go hard with him before a jury of people who teach Freshman English. He would doubtless claim the ancient right of being tried only by a jury of his peers, and in that case he would be safe. The charges against him would probably collapse before any ordinary jury, and it is sure that much of his distinction as a writer—a very considerable distinction—has its origin in what the teachers would delete.

"Anthony Wayne" is beyond anything else swift and vigorous, as it should be to portray the men and times it has to do with. Reading it, one experiences the illusion of actuality, knows the distress and the exultation and the plodding methodicalness of many men who have been a long time dead. Their thoughts, Mr. Preston succeeds in making for a time the reader's thoughts. And in spite of the curiously unreal uniforms that the Revolutionary worthies affected, he succeeds in making those worthies very definitely human, differing from one another as truly as if they wore the most rational of trousers.

TOLSTOY UNREVEALED

By Babette Deutsch

IT IS almost impossible to write a dull book about Tolstoy. The quantity of the source material is almost equalled by the fascination of it. What with diaries, correspondence, and the personal confession that even Tolstoy's fictional works proved to be, his biographer is in possession of a treasure as magnificent as Kimberley. But such a mind demands an alert entrepreneur, one used to large undertakings, capable of foreseeing and meeting the difficulties inherent in them, as also of utilizing his resources to the best advantage. Unfortunately, the author of this book has not met the demands of this exacting task.

He has had access to all the necessary data, but too often he gives the reader the results of his inquiries in practically a raw state. He fills pages with quotations, which might well have been paraphrased and which ask for more interpretation than he gives them. Passages in French and German are left untranslated, although this assumption of cultivation on the part of the audience does not extend to offering them a thoughtful treatment of Tolstoy's philosophy. One misses that feeling for development, for growth, for the acorn in the oak and the oak in the acorn, which belongs to sound biography. Nowhere is Tolstoy's immense vitality communicated, nor yet the tragedy of a soul divided against itself. Scattered through the text are such naïve comments as this: "An interesting fact: Tolstoy's writings, in their very inception grow out of his life, out of his own experiences and recollections"; such loose writing as this: " 'War and Peace' is all of Tolstoy . . . plus all of his genius which, at last, has fully, majestically unfolded its superhuman power." The author's thesis is as follows: "Tolstoy

Tolstoy, the Inconstant Genius: A Biography. By Alexander I. Nazaroff. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $5.00.

is inconstant in everything; but in the desire to master himself he is, and will always remain, amazingly consistent." The main problem of the man's personality is left unexplored. Finally, the book is written in solecistic English.

BIOGRAPHY AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT

By Edward Wagenknecht

I

TO WHAT purpose, this astonishing vogue of biography? Professor Frederick P. Mayer offered one keen answer to the oft-repeated question in a recent number of The Virginia Quarterly Review. According to Mr. Mayer, the increased interest in biography reflects the bankruptcy of the novel. "The modern novel, and I speak now in general terms, has reiterated the same barren facts of sex life and drab realities of *average* living until it has lost its audience through its own dullness. A tale which used to open magic casements now lets rusted screen doors flap and admit a few sickly flies." For this reason, the ordinary man, the general reader—who must somehow believe in life as long as he is going to continue to live it—turns away from the futilitarian novelists in the direction of those biographers "whose books recount with romantic glamour the tales of heroic effort exerted successfully by the great men and women of the past."

As one who is immensely interested in biographical art,

Thomas Killigrew, Cavalier Dramatist, 1612-1683. By Alfred Harbage. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.00. *Brawny Wycherley, First Master of English Modern Comedy.* By Willard Connely. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00. *Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand, An Eighteenth Century Friendship.* By Anna de Koven. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00. *Byron.* By André Maurois. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00. *The Life of John Keats.* By Albert Erlande. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.00. *Cardinal Newman.* By J. Lewis May. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $3.50.

both as a student and—in a modest way—as a practitioner thereof, may I remark that as I read these words, a somewhat uncomfortable feeling runs over me. Mr. Mayer would seem to impose a rather serious responsibility upon those of us who seek in any way to chronicle the story of our fellows' lives. It may be that this last sentence sounds disgustingly evangelical, but I cannot help it. And I am glad to call to my aid the testimony of M. André Maurois who, being a Frenchman, may perhaps be permitted to talk sense in this connection without hearing our feeble-minded latitudinarians call him a Miss Nancy, if indeed they do not go further and suggest that his preoccupation with purity proves clearly enough that there are frightful hidden depths of sensuality in his nature. (Mr. W. L. Renwick remarks, in his "Edmund Spenser," that fortunately Spenser "lived in days before it was necessary to gain a reputation as a moralist by showing that unchastity is chastity or that purity of soul is best manifested in a Russian debauch.") In M. Maurois's "Aspects of Biography," a disarmingly frank and winning study of the art he so sedulously practices, he warns us very solemnly lest in telling the story of the lives of great men we make their vices more attractive than their virtues. He quotes Pascal: "The example of Alexander's chastity has not made as many chaste men as his drunkenness has made drunkards." And in his own person he declares: "Just as it behooves us to avoid linking ourselves to friends whose lives are reprehensible, since, as we say, 'the example is contagious,' so I believe we ought, in our reading, to avoid association with dangerous characters."

May I attempt to illustrate the importance of this by going, apparently, pretty far afield. In a characteristic review of "Humanism and America," Mr. H. L. Mencken remarked recently that there was nothing original about the doctrines preached by Messrs. More, Babbitt, and their confrères, that in fact they simply represented a variation of the stuff being doled out in countless Little Bethels the

world over. It is comforting to know that Mr. Mencken reads Dickens, even though one may never have observed that he has derived any particular benefit from it. But I wonder if, his charge being true, the doctrines in question would really be very much the worse for that. There is no reverence in Mr. Mencken: he has studied the human spirit principally in his own particular incarnation, and so he can hardly be blamed if he does not feel any particular respect for it. But is it not somewhat significant that Professor Babbitt, whose intelligence is at least as far superior to Mr. Mencken's as Mr. Mencken's is to, say, Mr. Maurice Chevalier's, should, in this connection, seem so much closer to Little Bethel than Mr. Mencken is? And may it not mean that the Little Bethels, distressing as they often are, have yet kept themselves firmly in possession of something that Mr. Mencken and his tribe have lost?

That something is, it seems to me, a certain fineness and purity of character, a certain reverence, and a certain honesty. Conduct may or may not be, as Matthew Arnold declared, three-fourths of life, but it certainly is a considerably larger percentage than there is today a tendency in certain quarters towards regarding it. One may grant, freely and without cavil, that the Ten Commandments alone can only take us through the elementary grades in the school of life. But one has noticed also and very often that those who attempt to attend the university without having first mastered these primary kindergarten lessons often fail lamentably in their work there. In short, I venture to suggest that in spite of all the hypocrites and cowards who frequent Little Bethel, there are still thousands and thousands of men and women there who, so far as all essential matters of character are concerned, and so far as a real understanding of life is concerned, have left a large majority of our unchurched, unwashed, self-styled intelligentsia so far behind in the running that they haven't even yet caught up with the year before last. And I am ready to go further yet, to assert that if

you eliminate Little Bethel from your life—and fail to replace it with something better, something which can give you, on your higher level, the spiritual stamina, the moral sensitiveness that Little Bethel, with all its crudeness, does give to simple souls—you will lastingly impoverish yourself, and you will leave a hollow in the centre of your life that not all the pretty pictures ever painted and all the gay songs ever sung can hope to fill up. If that be Puritanism, make the most of it!

In any case, it is this sort of Puritanism to which M. Maurois would call us: he would have us use the vogue of biography to build men's characters and lives. It seems to me a sane and a reasonable suggestion, and now that so many of the old sanctions and the old agencies have broken down all around us, surely we cannot afford to neglect any means to this end which may lie at our disposal. I have an idea that the biographer can do a good deal more than many along this line. May I once more travel afield for an illustration.

Only a few weeks ago, I heard an able, eminently sincere, idealistic college professor explain to an audience of modern, liberal Christians, in a Sunday evening open forum meeting, why he was an agnostic. I think he made no impression whatever upon them, able as his address was, and he may have gone away with the feeling that he had been hammering in vain against the walls of prejudice. Myself, I do not feel that he had been doing anything of the sort. He admitted, to begin with, that he himself had never had a religious experience. (I do not mean now an "experience" in the Little Bethel sense. I am using the words in the broad, general sense that has attached to them clear down from the days of Enoch.) After his address, another college professor—a member of the audience—put this question to him: "According to your own statement, you have never had a religious experience. As a scientific man, can you honestly claim that your opinions on the subject of religion are then of any more value than, say, a treatise on physics written by

a man who had been trained only in the arts, or a lecture on spectrum analysis composed by a writer who happened to be color-blind?" And the lecturer admitted the force of the question and declared that all he was attempting was to judge of certain manifestations of the religious impulse as he perceived them in the lives of others! Which certainly sounds more than a little like a eunuch writing a column of advice to the lovelorn. Where in God's name did this absurd heresy ever come from, that one can study the human spirit, as one studies bugs, from the outside? Chaucer knew better than that, six hundred years ago:

> Men moste axe at seyntes if it is
> Aught faire in hevene; why? for they conne telle;
> And axen fendes, is it foul in helle.

Surely if we are to know anything of the life of the spirit, that is of human character in its higher manifestations, it is absurd to attempt to generalize on the basis of the commonplace happenings that are going on every day all around us: we must go to the lives of the great artists, the great mystics, and the great saints. They only know. And it is just here that the biographer finds the opportunity that M. Maurois would have him seize, the great chance to do something more than earn a living, something more than contribute to a literary fad, to do indeed the only thing really worth doing—to make a contribution to the improvement of life.

II

How do our six new biographies measure up to this standard? You would hardly expect to find much spiritual exaltation in the lives of Killigrew and Wycherley. And you don't, although neither Mr. Harbage nor Mr. Connely exploits the sensational interest in any way. Mr. Harbage indeed is engaged in that most gallant of all biographical tasks, the rehabilitation of a damaged reputation. Killigrew, we learn in this first extended study of him, was not

nearly so bad as he has been painted. His reputation has been due partly to the fact that he was often confused with his profligate son, and partly to the unhappy circumstance that only the worst of his plays has been reprinted since Restoration days. When he was asked to leave Venice, it was not, as we have been taught, because his morals were so bad that he shocked the Venetians: it was simply a political move. All this is admirably done, and it is well done. But it hardly makes Killigrew a connoisseur of the spirit, any more than Wycherley is. Here is another man over whom it has been the fashion to shake one's head. Even good scholars have assumed that while Congreve and Etherege and Vanbrugh could be reprinted in modern times, Wycherley quite clearly couldn't be: he was beyond the pale. Professor David H. Stevens took just this attitude, for example, and Wycherley is conspicuous by his absence in his otherwise excellent anthology, "Types of English Drama, 1660-1780." Well, the principal difference between Congreve and Wycherley has always seemed to me to lie in the fact that Wycherley had a moral sense and Congreve didn't. I admit that he is somewhat more precise than Congreve is in describing the exact constituents of the dirt upon the proverbial spade, but the point is that Congreve doesn't even see it. Mr. Connely is quite aware of this substratum of normality in Wycherley, and he has brought it out with exceptional sympathy.

Horace Walpole is far above the Killigrews and the Wycherleys, as far as general character is concerned, but he can hardly do much more for us in our present inquiry. When Gamaliel Bradford dissected Walpole, among his "Bare Souls," a half dozen years ago, he took Walpole's dilettantism as the keynote of his portrait. And he ended, severely but justly, with the observation that "it is a damnable reflection upon life, personal life, your life and my life, that the best thing to do with it is to forget it." Persons like Horace Walpole, he charged, "trifle away existence

and do not live at all." Sir Andrew Undershaft would find him, in many respects, less admirable than the more sinful, but more earnest, Wycherleys. On the other hand, I think we can derive a good deal from Madame du Deffand. Through the excesses of her youth and the wearing ennui of her later years, she preserved at least one thing—an ear attuned to catch "the sad, sweet music of humanity." Those idealists who ask so much of human nature that they are bound to be disappointed, and embittered in their disappointment—they do not build a happy life for themselves, but they do teach the rest of us not to be too lightly satisfied with petty things.

And what of M. Maurois' own hero, Byron? Can he give us anything? It seems to me he can give us a good deal, for Byron himself—much more than Madame du Deffand—is nothing but a disappointed idealist. Though he was a great libertine, he was also a great Puritan, and not all his sins were ever able to blot out the clean, honest man at the heart of him. That is what makes Byron such a perpetually enthralling problem and such a tragic figure: if he were merely the vulgar rounder that is all that his enemies see in him, he would be much better forgotten. But as he is, he is not better forgotten, and he will never be forgotten. He will live always as a man who, thanks to an ideally unfortunate combination of circumstances in his inheritance and his environment alike, tried very hard to kill the God in him, and failed.

So it is clear, I think, that when M. Maurois asks us to write biographies that will make better men, he does not mean that we should all bring out new editions of the Elsie Dinsmore stories. So far, our biographers have shown much greater predilection for reviving the rogues than the saints, but I would not for a moment maintain that we have nothing to learn from the rogues in biography, any more than I would maintain a like proposition with regard to the novel or the drama. An excellent example of the sort of

thing we do not need in this field is, I should say, Mr. C. J. Bulliet's recent violently vulgar book, "The Courtesan Olympia." I presume some of the denizens of Little Bethel might be shocked by the collection of nude women which Mr. Bulliet has gathered together in the magnificent illustrations of this volume. (One of them, by the way, is Titian's "Venus Reposing," the picture over which Mark Twain went into such amusing and uncalled-for hysterics of moral indignation in "A Tramp Abroad.") I do not share this point of view at all. It is too bad that Eleonora Gonzaga, who posed for this study, was no better than she should have been. But her lust and all her transgressions are dead now—her magnificent beauty is still alive for us on Titian's canvas. The sensible thing is to accept it gratefully, to be glad Titian painted her as he did, and to say no more about it. What I object to in Mr. Bulliet is his annoying adolescent smirking, his penchant for naughty words, his manifest determination to show us how wicked he can be, his ridiculous thesis—that sensuality is an element in all art of enduring vitality—and a style which would disgrace even Mr. Hearst's incomparable newspapers. If you want to write about courtesans, I should suggest, read Mr. Bulliet's book to learn how not to do it—(he is not fair even to them)—and then read Mr. Bradford's portrait of Ninon de Lenclos, in his new "Daughters of Eve," to learn how perfectly to approach and to handle the same type of theme.

There remain, then, Keats and Cardinal Newman, with the record of whose lives M. Erlande and Mr. May have undertaken the highest phase of the biographer's work. Though Keats and Newman could hardly have understood each other's language, it would be difficult to say in which of the two the glory of the spirit more magnificently shines forth. And how differently did the world deal with them, and what variant influences moulded their two lives! Newman made his approach through sacramental religion: how

striking is his account of the unspeakable comfort that came to him through the presence in the house of the Lord's body! To Keats, or so one suspects, the sacrament would have meant nothing but mummery and superstition.

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

And through his worship of beauty—so long misunderstood, so long mis-labelled sensual—he achieved at last a nobility of character and a glorious acceptance of life not inferior even to that of Newman himself. For "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

In neither of these lives was worldly success at all in proportion to spiritual development. Newman found peace for his own soul in the Roman Church, but the record of the Church's treatment of him—until well towards the end of his life—is hardly a story to encourage future converts. The trouble was that he was a man of genius, and the hierarchy, with good reason, mistrusted genius, as it always does. And as for Keats, his life came to an end in a poignant intensity of suffering that is well-nigh unendurable even to think of. What was left? What but the nothing that is everything? The bare, cold, thrilling fact that once more human nature had been shown to be carved out of the stuff of God.

When biography does that for us, it goes far to vindicate M. Maurois' ideal and to justify the amount of time and interest that is being invested in it.

III

It would not be fair to leave these books without a few words as to method. The primary business of the biographer is the creation of character. When he fails here, he fails in the highest aspect of his calling, precisely as the novelist does. Only, unlike the novelist, his failure is not

necessarily his fault: it may be conditioned in advance by the presence or the absence of the necessary material. Neither for Killigrew nor for Wycherley are there enough personal data available for a really intimate and enthralling portrait. Mr. Connely is, accordingly, almost as much concerned with the fascinating background of Wycherley's life as he is with the man himself, and some of his best work comes under the first rubric. Thus his description of Barbara Villiers is little short of marvelous, and the picture of life in Newgate Prison is almost equally good. Mr. Harbage's book is only half a biographical study: the rest of it is a critical study of Killigrew's work. Since this is a "first" biography, it must, of course, be judged on a somewhat different basis than if it were merely a portrait. Mr. Harbage's primary business was to collect the facts. He has done it well, and the result is interesting.

The book on Newman and Miss de Koven's book both suffer somewhat, I think, from the lack of any precisely defined method. I have no patience with those who urge the biographer to emancipate himself from formulae and methods: art cannot exist without pattern. Miss de Koven's book is decidedly loose as to structure: the first half is devoted to a series of chapters sketching the background and the early lives of Walpole and Madame du Deffand; the last half deals with the record of their friendship itself. Though she has several new letters, and though her book is distinctly agreeable reading, I cannot feel that Miss de Koven has added anything to our understanding of this strange romance; nothing, for example, that is not brought out in Mr. Bradford's three portraits: the Walpole in "Bare Souls," the Madame du Deffand in "Portraits of Women," and the Julie de Lespinasse in "Daughters of Eve." I am sorry to be harking back to Mr. Bradford all the time. It is really not my fault if he writes biography better than anyone else can do it. Mr. May does not give us any very precise account of Newman's life, nor does he

make up for this by tracing, clearly and definitely, the development of his ideas. The most serious fault of his work is his uncritical attitude towards his subject. But the book has, perhaps for this very reason, a serenity, a calm, an air of erudition that is very welcome in these hectic days.

M. Erlande's book, a translation from the French, finds its *raison d'être* in the author's conviction that Miss Lowell's "John Keats" being too long for general consumption, a good, brief life has become a necessity. The idea is not unreasonable, but I doubt whether the essential greatness of Keats could be revealed by M. Erlande alone to a reader who had known neither Miss Lowell nor Mr. Middleton Murry. When Miss Lowell used the chronological method in her huge book, she employed it very effectively. She gave us time really to get into her subject: we followed him day by day, lived ourselves into his life. Here the effect is distinctly of the skeleton variety. The life of Keats was too uneventful to be effectively presented, in brief compass, in this way. He visited a friend, he took a walk, he wrote a poem. And, until the end, that is about all. Mr. Murry, in "Keats and Shakespeare," chose the better way when he turned his back on external chronicle and gave himself instead to a minute study of the poet's inner life.

I have said enough of M. Maurois already to show my sympathy with his aims: I must confess that, as far as method is concerned, his "Byron" has deeply disappointed me. I am afraid that M. Maurois takes his critics much too seriously. They denounced his "Ariel" because in it he mingled fact and fiction. He himself tells us that he no longer considers the "Ariel" good. Here he has gone to the other extreme: "Byron" is an old-fashioned, long-winded biography, nearly six hundred pages long, with dates at the head of each chapter, the whole thing painfully overloaded with detail. It is not a dull book because Byron cannot be a dull subject, but with all due respect to M. Maurois's art, I fear that is the only reason. The essential Byron is there,

no doubt, but the reader must take the trouble to dig him out: M. Maurois has buried him under a mass of externality. If only he might shake himself free of the burden of chronology, what a biographer he might be!

VIEWS OF SOVIET RUSSIA

By Joseph Freeman

BECAUSE it ushered in the most thoroughgoing social transformation in recorded history, Soviet Russia is bound to arouse in any observer his deepest personal and social prejudices. One may, after due allowance for the "personal equation," study atoms without passion or bias, but such cerebral detachment is impossible in approaching contemporary history, especially the history of an upheaval affecting every aspect of human life and repudiating the concepts and values which hitherto have been dominant in western civilization.

It is natural, therefore, that the authors of the four books under review should approach Soviet Russia with different aims and should judge it by different standards. Mr. William H. Chamberlin, for example, whose "Soviet Russia" is by far the most ambitious and comprehensive of the four, is a newspaperman, born and bred in the United States, who has lived in Soviet Russia for the past seven years as correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor. He has travelled extensively throughout the country, studied its press and talked with its people, and, with the aid of his Russian wife, gathered material for his book. This book, he explains, is an attempt to combine an impartial

Soviet Russia: A Living Record and a History. By William Henry Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00. *Russia: Today and Yesterday.* By Dr. E. J. Dillon. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50. *Humanity Uprooted.* By Maurice Hindus. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.00. *Two Frontiers.* By John Gould Fletcher. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.00.

analysis of what has happened in Russia with an attitude of open-minded curiosity as to what may lie in the future. For the background of present-day Russia, he has had to go back to books, for he did not personally know the Russia of the Czars; but he is able, from personal observation, to report his direct impressions of the Communist Party, various leaders of the Revolution, the nature of the proletarian State, the economic life of the country, the rôle of the working class, the position of the peasants, the welter of non-Russian nationalities, the Soviet Union's foreign policy, the Communist International, the revolution in education and culture, the new Russian youth, the decay of the old Russian intelligentsia, Soviet Russia's relations with world capital, the new Russian woman, and civil liberties under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

In his attempt to be impartial, Mr. Chamberlin collects a vast number of surface facts, about many of which, some of them fundamental, he hesitates to venture conclusions. Underneath his impersonal style, loaded with subjunctives and modifications, and through much of the undigested information he conveys, it is not difficult to detect a certain unfriendliness to the Revolution. Nevertheless, in summarizing the achievements of the Communists, the author does set down the following definite conclusions:

Large-scale landlordism in agriculture has been annihilated. The big estates of the former landed nobility have passed forever into the possession of the peasantry. That, at any rate, is an accomplished fact which can never be undone, though the author's bias makes him uncertain whether the peasant will develop this land along individualistic or collectivist lines.

The second basic achievement of the Revolution, Mr. Chamberlin concludes, is the substitution of state for private control and operation in industry and transport, banking and trade. Here again, the author's preconceptions raise doubts in his mind as to whether the socialist economic system can

produce goods as cheaply and efficiently as they were produced under capitalism; but he is, at any rate, certain that the socialist system of economy is "firmly rooted and established and taken for granted" in the future plans for the development of national economic life. He cannot imagine its replacement by private capitalism in Russia.

The third permanent achievement is the cultural autonomy of the non-Russian nationalities. Mr. Chamberlin finds that the Communists "deserve credit for not only recognizing theoretically that the Soviet Union, with a population almost fifty per cent non-Russian in origin, is a federation of nationalities, but for practically carrying out the policy of giving every people the freest use of its native language."

The fourth achievement which he records is the emergence of a new spirit of "plebian democracy," based on the destruction of former privileged classes and the operation of a social system under which workers, and to a smaller extent peasants, are given preference in political and educational opportunity.

These are Mr. Chamberlin's four certainties, and coming from so skeptical and "impartial" a source, they constitute an interesting summary of some of the basic achievements of the Revolution. With less penetration, but with a great array of instructive facts and episodes, the author touches on various aspects of Soviet life, always interpreting the march of socialism from the standpoint of an intellectual with middle-class preconceptions, whose knowledge of Russia is extensive but whose views are colored by a perceptible bias.

In Dr. E. J. Dillon's "Russia: Today and Yesterday" we have the unique record of a man whose personal knowledge of Czarist Russia was extraordinary. This English scholar was for many years professor of comparative philology in Kharkov, editor of a newspaper in Kiev, and closely connected with many of the leading personalities of pre-revolutionary Russia, from Dostoyevsky to Count Witte. Apart from the class prejudices which such an experience engen-

dered in him, Dr. Dillon had personal reasons for hostility to the Soviet regime. The Bolsheviks "seized and confiscated" his property, and indirectly deprived him of "one near and dear whose loss all the money in the world cannot make good." This hostility the author expressed in a bitter anti-Soviet book published some years ago. In 1928, however, he decided to make a sentimental journey to Russia after an absence of fourteen years. Despite his experiences, his old associations, and his previous hostility, Dr. Dillon, after observing the new life, had a complete change of heart. His book has not the wide scope of Mr. Chamberlin's; to a large extent it is confined to personal impressions; but, comparing the new life which he observed with the old he knew so well, Dr. Dillon comes to the conclusion that the old Russia never really existed, while the new Russia is revolutionizing the world. Constantly comparing and contrasting old and new wherever he went, in town and village, in bookshops, theatres, and museums, in the status of woman, the peasant, the courts, the author finally reached this conclusion:

"The Bolshevists, then, have accomplished much of what they aimed at, and more than seemed attainable by any human organization under the adverse conditions with which they had to cope. They have mobilized well over one hundred and fifty millions of listless dead-and-alive human beings, and infused into them a new spirit. They have wrecked and buried the entire Old World order in one sixth of the globe, and are digging graves for it everywhere else. They have shown themselves able and resolved to meet any emergency and to fructify opportunity. Their way of dealing with home rule and the nationalities is a masterpiece of ingenuity and elegance. None of the able statesmen of today in other lands have attempted to vie with them in their method of satisfying the claims of minorities. In all these and many other enterprises they are moved by a force which is irresistible, almost thaumaturgical. Bolshevism is no ordi-

nary historic event. It is one of the vast world cathartic agencies, to which we sometimes give the name Fate, which appear at long intervals to consume the human tares and clear the ground for a new order of men and things. . . . To me it seems to be the mightiest driving force for good or for evil in the world today. It is certainly a stern reality, smelling perhaps of sulphur and brimstone, but with a mission on earth, and a mission that will undoubtedly be fulfilled."

Like Dr. Dillon, the author of "Humanity Uprooted" has had the advantage of living in Russia prior to the Revolution, and of being able at every point that interests him to compare the new life with the old. Mr. Maurice Hindus is himself a Russian, born and brought up under the old regime, so that the country and its people are not alien to him; he has, however, lived long enough in the United States to have acquired another culture which gives him a certain amount of detachment.

Mr. Hindus approaches Soviet Russia in the spirit of a journalist with a strong artistic streak who wishes to know the world through sensuous contact. In the spirit of the sensuous artist, to whom life is comprehensible only in the concrete, he records his own adventures in Soviet Russia. These have a wide range, for the author has visited the country many times and has travelled extensively. A thorough knowledge of the language enables him to talk with people everywhere and to check up his reading of newspapers, books, and reports by direct observation.

The artist in him centers Mr. Hindus' attention on the "human interest" side of the Revolution. He has three illuminating chapters on sex, love, and the family (subjects barely touched on by Mr. Chamberlin and Dr. Dillon), and three chapters on religion. He is chiefly interested in people, and records conversations with peasants, workers, Communists, young men and women, intellectuals, Cossacks, Jews.

From his adventures, described in a vivid, often lyrical prose, Mr. Hindus concludes that religion is dying in Soviet Russia, and that a new faith is taking its place, the core of which is social service; that Soviet Russia is working out new sex and family relationships that spell the death of old-fashioned romance, but raise woman to a plane of equality with man; that if socialism succeeds in Russia, the collectivist idea in one form or another will sweep the world and private property as a source of income will vanish; but if the Russians fail, then private property, however modified in form, will continue to function and perhaps to flourish even in Russia.

Mr. Hindus' generalizations have not the same force and conviction as his concrete pictures. His descriptions of people and scenes are vivid and real; he succeeds in conveying the atmosphere of a tremendous movement which destroys all that is evil and useless and creates new vigorous values. When he abandons the concrete, the author is out of his depth. His analyses of intellectual currents and philosophies are confused. As a literary cameraman, however, he has contributed one of the most illuminating books in the increasing material on Russia.

The three books considered so far are attempts to describe and interpret Soviet Russia by men who have personally observed it; they seek, chiefly, to present facts and paint pictures; such conclusions as they make are of immediate sociological value. Mr. John Gould Fletcher's "Two Frontiers," on the other hand, is a philosophic work, strongly influenced by Spengler, which seeks to analyze contemporary world culture by comparisons and contrasts between what the author considers to be the two most powerful cultural factors of our times, the United States and Soviet Russia. These countries are the "two frontiers," with Europe merely a land-bridge between.

Mr. Fletcher sees a striking parallelism, as well as contrast, in the developments of Russia and America, and to

make his point he traces the histories and literatures of the two countries from the beginning.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Fletcher's ideas, his facts and interpretations of Russia ought to be checked up by the works of such direct observers as Messrs. Chamberlin, Dillon, and Hindus; for while the imagist poet moves freely and gracefully among vast mystical generalities, these have little basis in the actualities of Russian life, and only little more in the actualities of American life. To compare two diverse figures like Henry James and Turgenev merely because they were both expatriates (though for entirely different reasons) is to show an extraordinary lack of insight into the importance of specific national and class cultures. Similar comparisons of Gogol and Hawthorne, Tolstoy and Whitman, Melville and Dostoyevsky, Stephen Crane and Chekov, Mark Twain and Lyeskov, while rich in psychological suggestions, are sterile as a study of two civilizations.

In his approach to contemporary America and revolutionary Russia, the author fails to grasp the real problems presented by these two civilizations. It is simply not true (as anyone can find out for himself by reading Messrs. Chamberlin, Dillon, and Hindus, or any other observer of the Russian scene) that Lenin plays the same rôle as the mystical Jesus of the pre-revolutionary peasant; nor is it true that the "underlying aim of the Russians became to create an army of young Lenins; that of the Americans to achieve a million Henry Fords." The steady concentration of wealth in America, the increasing number of mergers from year to year, the monopoly of large-scale industry and banking by a small group, inevitably diminishes the possible number of Henry Fords; while the aim of the Communists everywhere, Russia included, is to create a classless society in which the revolutionist disappears together with the tyrant. One may entertain any opinion one likes about these aims; but no valid opinion is possible unless one sees these aims accurately. And because the author prefers cosmic mystical

dreams to facts, he urges upon Russia the need of an Emerson "to lead it towards individual self-reliance," and upon America a Dostoyevsky "to show it the value of common submission to the mysterious powers that govern the development of all spirituality."

Although it may be less picturesque than this pious literary hope for the perpetuation of an intellectual world to which one is accustomed, it is nevertheless more likely that the rapid mechanization of the world on a corporate basis, with all the social and psychological changes it implies, will make both Emerson and Dostoyevsky impossible in Russia and America alike, or, for that matter, anywhere else.

CIVILIZATION BY SYMPOSIUM

By Scott Buchanan

TWO lobsters eaten before going to bed make a nightmare. Two symposiums read before sitting down to review make a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, as follows. Two armies are advancing on New York, the home of publishers and skyscrapers. One army is recruited from the colleges and universities of the country; it is an army of college professors. The other is recruited from the trade and technology schools of the country; it is an army of engineers. The college professors have collected works of art from the past and fashioned them into banners, insignia, and crests, and they talk of culture, tradition, literature, and morals, as they march to the tune, but not the words, of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The engineers have carefully selected the most beautifully designed, the smoothest running, and the swiftest flying aircraft for an

Humanism and America. Essays on the Outlook of Modern Civilisation. Edited by Norman Foerster. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50. *Toward Civilization.* Edited by Charles A. Beard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.00.

attack from the sky, and they carry blueprints rolled under their arms. They do not talk about the blueprints, but rather about Prometheus, Hephaestus, Daedalus, even Zeus, who were the ancient founders of the Golden Age which is still to come in the future. The professors are going to capture the publishers, and the engineers are going to take, hold, and beautify the skyscrapers. The fun is that the armies will never meet, except those professors who have publishers that live in skyscrapers and those engineers who publish books. That meeting will of course be amicable, because the parties already agree and even talk the same language. As for the rest of the respective armies, the engineers will build houses and pay the salaries for the professors and the professors will supply phrases for advertising and grant honorary degrees to the engineers.

It is in some such dramatic setting that the present controversy is to be understood. The editors of these two books have brought together the ism-mongering professors on one side and the utopia-mongering engineers on the other, and when they talk they are both advertisers of their wares. Sensible people do not very scrupulously follow the copy of counselors for public relations; they examine the wares of their clients for themselves. A proper and tactful discussion of these books should do the same.

In the first place both of these books are heavy with a burden that their authors call civilization. Rhetorical weight is here, as it is in most cases, an indication of confusion of thought, and the confusion runs very deep. It is not merely that humanist and engineer have not yet seen the fitting relationship of their literary and scientific means to their standards and ends, not merely that they find the inner man and the outer worlds both of literature and nature in bad adjustment. They have forgotten their ends and are ignorant of their means. Their confusion is therefore a kind of blindness, and like blind men they grope and shout for aid. Civilization for them as individuals has be-

come a kind of professional fanaticism, which Mr. Santayana has defined as the redoubling of your efforts when you have forgotten your end.

There are many points in these two books that I might use to illustrate this blindness. I shall choose one which seems to me fundamental and from which others may be derived. Both humanist and engineer talk a great deal of measurement. A humanist is defined as one who heeds the rule of measure; and an engineer is defined as one "who believes in measurement, who knows how to measure, does measure, and is willing to abide by the results of this measurement, whether they suit his preconceived notions or not." The juxtaposition of these two definitions will look to the modern reader like a pun or a wisecrack. It can safely be said that no humanist nor engineer would think seriously of putting the two together. Actually, the engineers' use of measure and the humanists' use of it are merely distinct applications of one principle which developed and enriched both its humanistic and naturalistic meanings side by side for over two thousand years of European culture. It is only recently, in the last two centuries, that their interrelations have become merely verbal, or occult, as in modern astrology and statistical social science. The humanist as well as the engineer is a modernist in so far as he makes the distinction absolute. Most of our modern isms are based upon the dilemma arising from this distinction and its solution by arbitrary choice. Is an animal like a man or like a machine? If you choose to measure an animal by numbers, the animal is a machine, and cannot be also like a man. You are a mechanist, and have all vitalists for enemies. If you choose to measure your animal by a man, you are a vitalist and have all mechanists for enemies: it may be added that if your measurement of an animal by man also involves measuring the man by an animal, you are excluded from the band of humanists.

All this is very amusing material for Gilbert and Sulli-

van, but, if I may for a moment put on the robes of a writer on "civilization," I see also a serious loss of insight in the splitting of the principle of measurement into its numerical and moral applications in the modern period. The Greeks used analogies in discussing morals, and numbers in discussing things. Sometimes they reversed this procedure and used numbers in discussing morals and analogies in discussing things. At still other times they used a mixture of the two in discussing either one. In competent hands neither things, nor morals, nor numbers, nor literature suffered reduction and confusion. They called the whole method measurement, and said they were making things intelligible and rational, even perfect by its use. Proportions, harmonies, and perfections were to be found in celestial spheres, musical tones, poetic rhythms, and human morals with equal enjoyment. Measurement was thus the intellectual basis for the understanding the Greeks had of their own civilization, the cultural tradition to which both humanist and engineer refer in their separate ways in their present search for critical standards.

By some historical accident and some human oversight the college professor and the engineer have turned these vitalizing insights into opaque stereotypes. What were once values have become literary slogans and engineering formulae; it is no wonder that they no longer answer each other's questions and practical problems. The humanists bewail the absence of nobility, heroism, self-control, and high tragedy in modern life and literature, not realizing that it is their own loosely woven intellectual net that is letting these values slip through its meshes. In the whole symposium there is not one successful attempt to define any of these terms, least of all their label, humanism. They attempt to anchor their thoughts in the immediate certainties of individual consciousness, which are as vague and romantic as any attribute of Rousseau's natural man. The engineers promise to add beauty to structure and use as if it

were a coat of stucco or paint, not suspecting that they would thus postpone indefinitely the human realization of the poetic, speculative, and moral values that still lie hidden in the work of the scientist whose material they are using.

It is satisfying to see in these books that the ignorance of the humanist and the engineer is no longer bliss. One can interestedly read what they say with this in mind. There is no gainsaying that there is a serious rift between the philological and scientific in our culture at present, and the spiritual misery that comes from it is widespread. What it means to me is that there is a task of scholarship to be accomplished. It does not consist of "additions to knowledge," in the current phrase of research institutes, but rather in the recovery of old insights into the knowledges already at hand. This applies particularly to the history of science which has never been received into the academic or polite tradition, nor furthermore into the intellectual backgrounds of the practising scientist. The amazing revelation that these two books make is that both humanist and engineer have taken their understanding of science from current books in popularized knowledge. There is considerable evidence that they are equally distant from the sources of the literary tradition. Before we worry ourselves into more symposiums about the outlook for modern civilization it might be well to get acquainted with its various constituents. I suspect that such acquaintance would dissipate the problems to a far greater extent than Messrs. Babbitt, More, and Beard would like to admit.

THE ARTS—1930 AND EARLIER

By William Sener Rusk

THE point of view of an author of art history is generally indicated by his choice of illustrations—a method of approach particularly suggestive when examining Suzanne Lafollette's "Art in America," for the text is plentifully interleaved with fine aquatone process prints. Another device, used we are told too freely by reviewers, is to employ the index as the point of departure, when under Menckenian or other influence one is included. That method also would be illuminating in the present instance, especially if a running notice be taken of where in the body of the text the references fall. Lastly, and again with pleasant satisfaction in the case of the book before us, one might read the book. I do not believe the preface by Walter Pach need be included, except as an act of supererogation.

The frontispiece is Sullivan's Getty Tomb, clearly announcing the platform of the author as that of the modernist, for the eclecticism of the nineteenth century styles is here apparent in novel and abstract simplifications. The course of architecture in its mediaeval, Georgian, and Early Republic phases appears in representative interiors and exteriors, and the minor arts also receive attention. Cret's Indianapolis Public Library and Rogers' New York Medical Center come next! The series closes with examples of creative abstractions by Saarinen, Wright, and Goodhue. Miss Lafollette, one concludes, illustrates what she can

Art in America. By Suzanne Lafollette. New York: Harper Brothers. $6.00. *Contemporary American Portrait Painters.* By Cuthbert Lee. W. W. Norton and Company. $10.00. *Philosophy of Art.* By C. J. Ducasse. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. $3.50. *Early American Portrait Painters.* By Cuthbert Lee. New Haven: Yale University Press. $10.00. *The New Arts.* Edited by P. N. Youtz. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 5 vols. $6.00. $1.25 each. *Idols Behind Altars.* By Anita Brenner. New York: Payson and Clarke. $5.00. *Modern Architecture.* By Henry-Russell Hitchcock. New York: Payson and Clarke. $5.00.

discuss with satisfaction, those designs which to the modernist are aesthetically potent.

If we try the index method with sculpture, our results are apt to point to similar conclusions. Saint-Gaudens comes near the middle of the text, and receives qualified approval, Manship is quickly dismissed as academic, and Lachaise, Epstein, and Hammer with their distortions of mass, surface, and line are accepted as significant.

The development of painting, as usual in such a survey, receives major attention. The taste of the author is here more catholic, or perhaps only more sympathetic to the attitude of the layman. Copley receives the appreciation which rightly places him in the forefront of America's portrait painters. Stuart and the men of the early Republic are treated in the usual manner, as also those who first brought foreign influences to bear on native talent. The author's tendencies toward less conservative points of view reappear, however, before long. Ryder and Eakins gain especial emphasis, and Whistler is said to have reached his climax with the Little White Girl of 1864. One of the distinctions of the book is the adequate incorporation of the modern painters, and all the later pages are devoted to them. It is here alone that the author unfortunately becomes propagandist rather than critic. We are perhaps still too near the Armory Show of 1913 to feel free to appreciate modernity without challenging and invidiously comparing. Henri, Glackens, Prendergast, Davies, Marin, and O'Keefe are all there and mix uncommonly well with their academic predecessors, and even contemporaries. The style of the book is readable, the stressing of cultural background is admirably handled, and, as common in current criticism, the chapter headings are descriptive to the author alone.

In a format which has gained a place for the volume among the fifty crowned books of the year, a former secretary of the American Federation of Arts, in "Contempo-

rary American Portrait Painters," has selected fifty portraits by as many contemporary painters, and supplied a page of biography for each of the artists. The reproductions are done by aquatone process resulting in a soft uniformity of effect, but not always in an equally successful representation of the varied techniques. As one leaves through the pages, the uniformity of effect is found also to depend on the generally high excellence of the craftsmanship illustrated, as well as the relative lack of individuality. It is true an occasional master appears—Henri, Speicher perhaps, Dickinson with his neo-realism. But speaking by and large the reader is apt to wonder why, if American painters in this exacting field do not more than ably represent the studios from which they come, the editor limits his selection to portraits, or to Americans, or why he did not choose a smaller number, and then give more than one illustration to each. In fact, except to committees on presentation portraits one imagines this academic Who's Who will lack utility, let alone inspiration. For after all, an editor of such a volume is responsible to his audience for more than an adequate survey of his field. There is the implied debt of actual intrinsic value to be expected in the works chosen. And judged by such a high standard, many in the present case fall short. The biographical notes are uniformly laudatory. The style is journalistic, and no dates are given; so that perhaps the major interest in the text lies in the fact, once more emphasized, of how much our contemporary painters owe to the Julien Academy abroad and to the Chase Studio at home. That fact and the not infrequent literary "howler"—"When about twenty-two he returned to Chicago and received a professorship at Cooper Union in New York"; So-and-so was born "at the site of Hotel Claridge during a blizzard." The format deserves a better letter-press and a less catholic point of view in the choice of portraits.

The prospective reader of Ducasse's iconoclastic dialectic

in the field of aesthetics is invited to turn to the appendix first. With his wits sharpened and his emotions humored by the author's clever destruction of his faith in Clive Bell's "significant form," he will more boldly plunge into the early chapters where the aesthetic positions of many another aesthetic philosopher from Plato to Dewey are stormed, with or without an exchange of prisoners resulting. Before the assaults are over, however, one finds the writer adopting some of the disreputable methods of the enemy. He too likes to coin words to avoid confusing connotations, and when there is logic chopping to do he works with a will. To give examples—he expresses amusement in a footnote at Lalo's suggestions that *aesthetic, inaesthetic,* and *anaesthetic* be used to avoid the ambiguous ***Beautiful, Ugly,*** and ***Neutral,*** but later on, in order to distinguish in his turn between two uses of ***Beauty,*** finds it necessary to employ such expressions as "Beauty (n. s.)" and "Beauty (w. s.)," thereby indicating a "narrow sense" and a "wider sense." Further, he ventures on occasion to "peripathize," and in a lighter mood, to "emilypost."

The middle chapters of the book reveal the outlines of his own "dogmatico-liberal" position. "Aesthetic art" is defined as "the conscious objectification of one's feelings"; the aesthetic attitude involves aesthetic contemplation, or "a 'listening' to our capacity for feeling"; and the aesthetic object is "the natural, immediate, and unique symbol of an aesthetic feeling." Herein Santayana is admittedly approached. The last chapters lead the reader out of the dialetic woods, and the monologue takes on the air of a discussion. Aesthetic values and standards of criticism provide topics about which everyone has opinions. It is admitted that the "instrumental goodness" of an object is subject to proof, but it is affirmed that the "immediate goodness" is an entirely individual matter. If the artist has objectified his emotion successfully, you are the sole judge of the pleasantness or unpleasantness of your aesthetic experience. The emphasis

on "design" elements at the expense of "dramatic" elements now prevalent in the work of modern painters comes in for some apt criticism, but because of the one-sided basis of expression on the part of the artist, not because of the goodness or badness of the results. The author believes that psychological search for aesthetic standards will be as futile as the metaphysical. For even if Munro questionnaires are tabulated indefinitely, the liberal will merely query, What of it? My experience differs, and with equal validity, for "Beauty is relative to the individual observer." The teaching of the history of art is thus beside the point, the teaching of appreciation fraught with danger, and the teaching of technique likely to distort the whole perspective of the unhappy student. Only when Beauty is related to accuracy of representation in the last pages is the rigorous liberal caught napping. "What is important for beauty is not truth but plausibility," we read. El Greco may distort, but not beyond plausibility. The reader who has followed thus far with disciple-like docility can only repeat the query he now knows so well, Why not?

Professor Ducasse is to be congratulated on having students able to follow his more abstract reasoning, and his students are to be felicitated on a lecturer who sees humor in the midst of aesthetic experiences.

Cuthbert Lee has also written a useful compilation of our current knowledge of American "primitives" in "Early American Portrait Painters." The connoisseur will doubtless consider his modification of such completeness as might be desired by the scholar a courtesy, and the general reader will perhaps skip judiciously, enjoying the illustrations betimes. In "The New Arts," a five-volume series of lectures delivered at the Peoples Institute in New York City, and edited for the second time by P. N. Youtz, poetry, drama, painting, sculpture, and music of recent years are criticized. If Joseph Hudnut, in the volume, "Modern Sculpture," would only stress the *structural* rather than the

architectural aspect of sculpture, he would have less confusion to confute; if Miss Babette Deutsch would revise her title, "Potable Gold," the reader might know the volume had to do with poetry, and so on. John Mason Brown, in "The Modern Theatre in Revolt," is discursive, and therefore interesting. Alfred J. Swan in "Music—1900-1930," is admittedly and defiantly prejudiced; while the most pat cliché in the series occurs in the Mary Cecil Allen volume, "Painters of the Modern Mind," wherein Cezanne is said to tower above his contemporaries in that he used *three-dimensional color* as well as form.

Miss Brenner's "Idols Behind Altars" opens the vista of a great Hispano-American school of art, if the ideals and tentative achievements of contemporary Mexico are followed to the South. The soul of Mexico is described in terms of religion, history, and art, and such familiar names as Orozco, Rivera, and Covarrubbias, are given their native setting.

Architecture is traced in its historical evolution from mediaeval times in "Modern Architecture" by Henry-Russell Hitchcock. Oud, LeCorbusier, and Gropius are hailed as the New Pioneers, perhaps of a post-modern school of design. But the reader will probably feel free to absorb the interesting discussions of the younger men and their startling work, and classify them to suit his own theories, remembering that pigeon-holes to be useful must be familiar.

MR. SITWELL'S NOVEL

By Vincent Sheean

THE novels of Mr. Osbert Sitwell must be received with hopeful interest by those who care anything about fiction as a form of literature. Mr. Sitwell has, it is true, disappointed us twice—first in "Before the

The Man Who Lost Himself. By Osbert Sitwell. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

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Bombardment" and now in "The Man Who Lost Himself" —but even our disappointment is a tribute to him: his gifts are such that we are justified in watching and waiting. The number of contemporary novelists whose work inspires either interest or hope is so tiny that Mr. Sitwell's effort deserves full gratitude. He aims high; he exercises his gift generously; he has a beautiful contempt for vulgar means and easy tricks. It would be so simple for this writer to "do" a clever and successful book that he cannot be too much praised for avoiding it. His dangerous cleverness is not dangerous at all, because he so apparently despises it.

An artist who aims so high must expect to be judged by his own standards. And by these, "The Man Who Lost Himself" is not good enough. Its conception is very fine, its accomplishment of an uncertain brilliance, and its effect on the reader, too often, only weariness. The elaboration of this style becomes at times almost insufferably monotonous. It is too hard on the nerves to make one actually sleepy; but occasionally in reading it I felt that I had been suffering from insomnia for weeks. A phrase like "defied conclusively with their defiant cleanliness the whispered insinuations of Spanish dirt" shows to what lengths the rhythm of it can go.

The book appears to owe its form to a notion of time and the anticipation of events in time—which puts its inception, I should think, somewhere in the autumn of 1927. Mr. Dunn's book, "An Experiment with Time," was then producing among novelists a flurry which was bound to have interesting results. It may be remembered that Mr. Dunn's theory said that future events sometimes mirror themselves, in a rather distorted and unreliable form, in present consciousness. He had a deal of experimental proof of this, and his whole concept (which might be loosely called one of the relativity of time) was of the highest interest to the novelists who view their technical problems in such terms. Mr. Sitwell, in fact, makes this concept almost the theme

of his new novel, and does not disdain to say so more than once by paraphrase and discussion. He imagines a young poet, Tristram Orlander, whose birth date is the same as his own; causes the poet to see himself in old age, a successful writer; produces a changed character by this vision; and then kills off the elderly, vulgar, and successful writer, years later, by a vision of the young poet. Thus boldly recited, it sounds like a juggler's trick; it is in fact one of the most fascinating notions in recent fiction. Of all the attempts made by novelists these days to escape from the tyranny of chronology, none has been more resourceful or more courageous.

The story is told by an imaginary character named Osbert Sitwell, aged seventy-odd years. This point in time enables the narrator to superpose, by discussion, later events upon earlier ones: to assume the reader to be at the outset in possession of the main facts of Tristram Orlander's life, and thus still further to weave past and future time sequences into the texture of the one present which is this book. There is a great deal of intelligent debate (as by a biographer of motive) but no conversation and very little interruption of the solid stream of Mr. Sitwell's rather thick prose. A deliberately raucous comedy is provided by two American society women, Mrs. O'Looney and Mrs. Hope-Doodle-Cope; horror takes the shape of a vagrant Frenchwoman on the hills of Granada. The American society women are bold caricatures, brilliantly funny, although Mr. Sitwell does not always get their dialect quite right. (Such women would say "magnitoode" but not "voopoint," for instance.) In the correlation and interweaving of all of these elements, occasion is given for some sustained lyric descriptions of very great beauty — the impression of Granada which fills the whole middle of the book, in particular. Like his brother, Mr. Sitwell has a painter's felicity with such material. But this, the most formidable of his gifts, does not seem to be supported by the necessary emotional force or creative un-

derstanding. Such work as his can give pleasure to the ear or to the eye; it can give excitement to the mind; but it cannot move us in those depths which the true novelist delights to stir. So much are we left on the plane of argument that we often forget to live the lives of these characters and, instead, take issue with their author. This happens when some characteristic Sitwell notion is fanatically insisted upon to the detriment of the composition as fiction. Example: Mr. Sitwell is sure that stupid people are consciously, deliberately malevolent towards clever people, and that the stupid (the bishops, the generals, etc.) are forever conspiring against the well-being of the artist. Those of us who are stupider than Mr. Sitwell can claim superior competence in this matter, and we—at least I—do not believe his version. It is very irritating to be told about the cruelty and malignity of the stupid on almost every page, when the obvious fact is that clever people are far crueller. Mr. Sitwell's fictions would certainly benefit by an abandonment of these family paradoxes.

When all is said, this novel has not got us much forrader. Mr. Sitwell's work, in spite of its fascination, is still a sort of promissory note. But in a period when most novelists give us nothing but bad cheques, a promissory note is of rare value. It does definitely put its signer into the infinitesimal group of those from whom we have something to expect.

TEN MODERN NOVELS

By Frederick P. Mayer

ANYONE who doubts a "romantic revival" in the modern novel can do no better than to read a chance dozen new books. They will show him a variety of material, a feeling about for new topics and ideas, a change of style and treatment of old themes that are heartening. "New" topics are nothing to grow enthusiastic about if they are regarded as "timely" . . . the old themes of fiction will do very well. But if, by "new," one means a steady freeing of the novel from the limitations of the arid realistic tradition, with its barren plotting, its monotonous characterization of frustrated lives, and its emphasis upon sordid and physically nauseating catalogued details, then this new freedom has its heartening aspects.

One road of liberation lies, as always, in the historical romance, which is the easiest and, at the same time, the most colorful escape from contemporary life. Whether one documents the past (as Naomi Mitchison and Gertrude Atherton and Hergesheimer do, at times), or whether one manufactures his own history (as Cabell does in the Dom Manuel tales), does not affect the potency of the escape. Isabel Paterson, in "The Road of the Gods," escapes the drabness of 1930 by a return to Germania of the years just before the birth of Christ, when the conflict between advancing Rome and pagan Germanic tribes (in this case, it would seem Dru-

The Road of the Gods. By Isabel Paterson. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50. *The Woman of Andros.* By Thornton Wilder. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50. *The Great Meadow.* By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50. *Long Hunt.* By James Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. *Hudson River Bracketed.* By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50. *All Our Yesterdays.* By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50. *Down in the Valley.* By H. W. Freeman. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50. *Severn Woods.* By Edith Rickert. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50. *Huntsman in the Sky.* By Granville Toogood. New York: Brewer and Warren. $2.50. *Vile Bodies.* By Evelyn Waugh. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

idic) made life exciting in those primitive childhood days of Europe. This story of the priest and his wife and son, and of the scarlet woman he takes as his mistress to the doom of his whole people, and of the granddaughter of the mysterious siren, and of her love affair with the priest's son, depends for its effect upon its stirring action and its Gothic mood of shadowy forests and brutal, gloomy fighting. The characters, particularly those of the extravagantly splendid young lovers, have no great vitality, nor do I guess that the author intended her book to interest a reader by its depth of characterization. It is, at any rate, hard to believe in the reality of the individual men and women, to get emotionally stirred over the problem of Greda's affairs of the heart. (One knows always that, following its romantic pattern, the book will end with a gratifying escape of the young lovers.) And, reflecting on the priest's fatal infatuation, one is stirred to no sober unhappiness over the mischances of passion in the depths of Thuringian woods. There are moments of descriptive power and of ominous savagery that stir the mind to a quickened image of what a bloody romance tribal warfare of the past must have been, but there is not much depth of feeling, no substantial setting of the story within the bounds of historical daylight, and no new realization of the enduring problems of man's life as it is always lived. "The Road of the Gods" is a vivid adventure story with an historical setting. It shows a fine ability to advance an adventure plot, and it catches, in good English prose, the Gothic romance of its material, so that the reader believes in the action of the story while it skillfully unfolds.

"The Woman of Andros" is another variation of the historical novel, this time a story designed to interest the reader by its pseudo-classical calm and its philosophical reflectiveness rather than by its stirring plot. This story of a hetaira, and of the tragic schooling of a young Greek sophisticate in the sorrows of a beloved woman's death, offers no exciting plot action and depends for its effect upon its poetic, essay-

like observations upon the conduct of one's life. It offers a tolerant epigrammatic wisdom, elegantly encased in chiselled phrases uttered by the beautiful woman of Andros and by the typically sage Greek fathers who watch their children grow in understanding.

No one can deny the poetry of Wilder's style, his vivid scenes, the almost perfect communication of sense images: the purple-blue of sky and water, the smell of flowers, the color of a woman's skin, the wave of a man's hair . . . such things are swiftly and beautifully done. And the novel has form—each new scene has its place, its carefully shaped beginning, middle, and end; each remark is fitted swiftly into the texture of the narrative, and the compactness of the whole results in a story that conveys the impression of classic simplicity, of technical finish, of adequate handling.

My dislike of such a method is perhaps instinctive. I feel that Mr. Wilder knows more about phrases than he does about life; that he has more facility than experience; and that he can talk about life's tragedy more easily than he can convince us that he has felt it deeply. His philosophical reflection has won him an audience which has looked in vain for such comment in the dry-as-dust realists, and he has deserved his applause. But his danger is preciosity, that blight which reduces vividness to prettiness and decoration. We can ask for a wiser Thornton Wilder, one who bathes less in the reflected lucidity of Greece and who adds to himself the courage to interpret life with more directness if even with more confusion.

In this way, "The Great Meadow," Elizabeth Roberts' new story of the settling of Kentucky, deserves more credit, not only for what was attempted but also for what has been accomplished. The adventure story in "The Great Meadow" is not thrilling and is certainly not the center of the author's or of the reader's interest. (The Indian fighting and the conquest are important only as they affect the lives of the substantial characters whom the reader follows.) But all

these characters, even the faintly shadowed ones like the heroic mother-in-law who dies in the cabin, have an every day complexity that compels belief in them as real people, whereas the Greeks in "The Woman of Andros" are all simplified to a trait of two or to a single emotion. "The Great Meadow" is that richer variety of historical fiction (like Naomi Mitchison's "Cloud Cuckoo Land") which connotes a background and a philosophy by a few well used details, but then goes on to that more important function of a novel, the communication of the emotion of character, character at any time, at any age, not dependent for its conviction upon a set arrangement of historical details. So I feel about Diony, that she is a woman who can be understood as a woman and as a complex creature, regardless of her time. Understanding that, my sympathy gets to work and makes Diony and her father and her husband take on a life that is vital and quick with the same impulses of life today. That being done, "The Great Meadow" becomes a true historical romance and a novel at the same time, for the period comes to life after the people do, and the romance of Kentucky pioneer days pervades the book.

"Long Hunt" moves more swiftly than "The Great Meadow." It has, too, more concentrated study of character upon one man who is a special and rare type. Diony exists more commonly than does the rebellious hunter and Tennessee guide, Murfree. Murfree is perhaps typical of the roving, town-hating adventurer of his time, and, perhaps, of the domestic rebel of our own, who sacrifices faithful love because it binds him and costs too much. But Diony is more like the domestic man or woman of any age, who exists, in any age, in greater numbers than do the Don Juan or Shelley rebels. Consequently, her story makes pioneer life seem more of a reality because she explains life, at any time, more easily to most of us. But "Long Hunt," because of this arrogant hero and because of its swiftly moving tale of the stir of conquest, is a more interesting story; it seems

less impeded by words (because there is more action per word) and it drives home swiftly the realization of the heroics of frontier life. There is a fine directness about the novel that is the result of an able author. Mr. Boyd's method, despite the publisher's remarks, is not new, but it is effective, to convey the thinking of the character in the words of the time. Boyd as a fiction historian drops out of the reader's sight—as he ought—while, sometimes, in "The Great Meadow" the author hangs too lovingly over her Diony, explaining, analyzing, sympathizing. But one will go far to find two books so fresh and stirring.

To move from America of the past to America of the present day New York sophisticates is to feel one's self degenerating, if he identifies himself, as an American, with the changing fortunes of the land. "Hudson River Bracketed" carries on Mrs. Wharton's satiric exposition of the life of the (to her) important New York world of high society. It is surprising to find in this novel less of that excessive burlesque of which "The Children" and "Twilight Sleep" were full. Vance, the romantic genius, caught up by rich dabblers in literature into a snarl of assorted difficulties, seems to have caught Mrs. Wharton's fancy, which is steadily growing more sentimental as she herself grows more critical of modern life. Certainly, Mrs. Wharton pities her hero more than the reader does, although one never loses sympathy with him, even in those stupid moments when his spiritual agonies seem based on nothing more serious than a Wharton-like admiration of the wonders of grace and beauty which a rich young girl can fall heir to because of cash alone. Laura Lou is a pathetic if not magnetic beauty; throughout the book she is the Griselda-like wife, at the expense of much suffering to herself and to her poet husband who can do little to help her but to suffer with her spiritually, and leave her alone while he calls on his more artistic and sensitive friends. We are asked to pity Vance more often than he deserves, and this is an artistic defect, for it shows

how specious the main tragedy of the book becomes if we do not pity—as the author does—Halo (what a name for a heroine!), who suffers because she chose to marry money, and Vance, who chose to marry beauty without brains. Everyone in the story lacks intelligence, and much of the sentimental teariness is produced by this emotionality which the author seems to enjoy. (How far she has departed from the austerity of "Ethan Frome"!) Most amusing of all the characters in the book are the so-called literary people who edited the spindly review of arts and letters, and Mrs. Wharton's ability at satire is not wasted on these dabblers and poseurs. The opening satire on the growth of middle western real estate paradises is one of the sparkling sections of the novel, and the most moving part is the end where Laura Lou's husband and cheated lover are seen in helpless grief trying to reconcile themselves to the fact that she is dead.

I am not the least enthusiastic of Tomlinson's many admirers. His fine narrative power of "Tide Marks" and of "The Sea and the Jungle" and his smooth essay-like reflectiveness in "London River" cannot be equalled, to my mind, in modern English writing. He is one of our great writers of the sea, and his mind is broad and kindly, his feelings deep and sure, his ideas just, humane, and civilized. When he talks of war, he knows whereof he speaks, and he speaks with a spiritual exaltation born of seeing how nobly man bears the patriotic curse of war. (Tomlinson does not forget, ever, the stupidity in man which makes him keep on sheepishly bearing the useless burden.)

But when Tomlinson writes what he calls a novel, it is time to admire his narrative skill, and his philosophy of war, and his humanity, and urge him to go back to the writing of narrative essays like "The Sea and the Jungle." For he is not a novelist; he has none of the instincts of the born novelist, and he clutters up what ought to be the communication of the experience of men and women by the communication

of his own valuable, but nevertheless discursive, opinions as an essayist. "All Our Yesterdays" is not a novel—it lacks plot, rounded character conception, unity of effect, motivation of characters with feelings and interests of their own. Tomlinson's occasional glimpses of soldiers are excellent; so, too, are his chance pictures of ordinary mothers and fathers and sisters who bear war dumbly, but they are always forgotten in the novelist's—or essayist's—interest in his own arguments about war, arguments involuted and convoluted, that weigh down the story elements, and draw the reader's mind from the characters to the intruding author. "Gallions Reach" started out well enough—better than this new book—but it, too, went to pieces on the shoals of Tomlinson's prolix and sometimes obscure sentences. "All Our Yesterdays" is not a novel; it belongs to that great literature designed to fight war. It is argument, debate, polemic, but it is not fiction. Among books that are propaganda against war, Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays" will, no doubt, occupy a high place for a long time to come, but as fiction it is inevitably doomed to be forgotten. "Gallions Reach" is already a "last year's novel," and it is not to be expected that interest in it will persist as interest in Conrad's books endures, or even in Francis Brett Young's. "All Our Yesterdays" deserves fame for its ideals and its humane hatred of warfare, and its style as prose argument is surely effective. It is unfortunate that ill-advised superlatives must take the edge off the excellence of Tomlinson's earlier and more effective prose.

"Down in the Valley" belongs in the class of stories of English farm life to which "Joanna Godden" and "The Windlestraw" belong. The tradition is plainly Hardy's, and the production has somehow been excellent. The English novelist feels peculiarly at home with his stories of people digging in English fields and tending English cattle, and it is to be regretted that so much effort is wasted upon recording English fashions in manners when the results in the peas-

ant tradition are so gratifying. "Down in the Valley" tells a simple story of the satisfaction of a tired young business man in escaping business cares, engaging in village and farm life, and marrying a beauty of the country-side. The story takes breadth from the incidental pictures of villagers and village inns and gardens. H. W. Freeman is one of the few men who can take peasant humor and use it for a humorous purpose in a story. Usually, such village comedy is tame reading; Freeman keeps its true fun.

I found in "Down in the Valley" a surprising freshness and effortless narrative of simple life in scenes that made me "live with" the young man and his village friends, so that I forgot my own identity as a critical reader and enjoyed the experience as something I could myself live through, scene by scene and year by year. That reality has been lately a rare experience as one has read the ordinary stock tales that have all been built to the Bennett formula. Bennett gives this conviction, but his followers seldom succeed.

Edith Rickert's "Severn Woods," the story of the emancipation of a timid young English girl from the weak comforts of her father's protecting garden, is the second of these books of English life to catch the romance of ordinary experience as well as its realistic cruelty and meanness. "Down in the Valley" supports its details by an idealistic attitude plainly the author's. "Severn Woods" has the same idealism. The range of "Severn Woods" is narrow; the plot centers upon one passionate love affair between the girl and the rebellious and moody hero, who marries her in desperation (because he feels her helplessness and uneasiness) and who, after marriage, forces her to build up a protecting philosophy ("growing . . . growing") against his temperamental neglect. The scenes of the book are lovely in their descriptive detail; some of the minor characters have a fine individuality (the doctor and the cheerful young mother so full of shrewd advice); and there is about the whole book a fine flavour of small town affairs and gossip.

"Huntsman in the Sky" traces the not-too-convincing progress of a musician who returns home to Philadelphia in order to find inspiration he could not get abroad. This is local color fiction, with great slabs of suburban description building up moody pictures of Philadelphian high society. There is the traditional girl of his class who loves the genius but in vain, the traditional old aristocrat who loves his house and his home and endures sorrow like a gentleman, and there is a slight excursion, without much point, into Philadelphian slums; and a new rich siren almost catches the hero's passion, if not his heart. Some of the characterization is good, despite its typicality—the old aristocrat lives a life of some reality as one reads, and the emotion of home coming with which the book opens is very fine. The ideals of the story are notable, too, for they show a love of beauty, a desire to handle deep emotions and valuable ones—like the emotions stirred by one's love of family and home and by one's love of doing something artistically beautiful. There is about the romantically unhappy ending the tone of a youthful "renunciation" which the reader regrets, not because of the unhappy conclusion but because of the author's sentimental enjoyment of it. Many, many less pages would have made of this substantial novel a vivid, effective characterization.

"Vile Bodies," the most recent addition to the Huxley school of cynical burlesques, is not the least important of this list. It is great fun, even though it never goes so deep, intellectually, as "Those Barren Leaves." Yet it is never merely senseless in its burlesque infidelities and never dully obscene. The hilarious antics of Mrs. Ape, the revivalist; the filming of the motion picture; the monologue of the ex-king, who laments his many bombings; and the crazy motor race at the end are bitter as well as funny, although their relationship to each other as parts of one novel is very thin, and sometimes the sport is school yard wit. But "Vile Bodies" is useful, and often powerful, social propaganda.

PICTURA UT POESIS

By Howard Mumford Jones

THE future of poetry, Matthew Arnold prophesied, is immense. We are necessarily too close to our own bards to know whether his prophecy is all awry; and because we are accustomed to think of the Victorians as the last of the giants, because the paradox of greatness is that the closer we are to it, the smaller it seems, we can not know whether the great succession goes on. Already, however, the men of 1910 are beginning to take on the mists of sublimity so that those who are pessimistic about the contemporary poetic movement have begun to compare the recent offspring of the muses with the great days of Amy Lowell and the earlier Sandburg, "The Spoon River Anthology" and the founding of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, to the disparagement of the newer generation. The heartening fact is, however, that there is a newer generation; that the molds and methods of the 1910 group are already with the classics even although most of its members are alive and productive. Whatever the ultimate worth of the better poetry of the last decade proves to be, I do not at any rate detect any recent slackening of poetic energy; and in truth I believe

Behind Dark Spaces: Poems. By Melville Cane. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00. *The Hasting Day.* By George Herbert Clarke. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited. 3s. 6d. *Fire for the Night.* By Babette Deutsch. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.00. *The Wind in the Cedars.* By Glenn Ward Dresbach. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00. *Half-Light and Overtones.* By Henri Faust. New Haven: The Yale University Press. $1.25. *Preludes and Symphonies.* By John Gould Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75. *Imagist Anthology, 1930.* New York: Covici-Friede. $3.50. *Points East.* By Rachel Field. New York: Brewer and Warren. $2.00. *Leaves of Wild Grape.* By Helen Hoyt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00. *Upper Pasture.* By Charles Malam. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.00. *Balm in Gilead.* By Helene Mullins. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00. *Selected Poems.* By William Alexander Percy. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.00. *Seed of the Moon.* By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company. $2.00. *The Winter Alone.* By Evelyn Scott. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

the position could be defended that, as art, poetry is much more of a going concern than is the essay or the novel or the drama.

At the same time there are serious problems of significance and technique that will not down. It is a nice question whether the war generation or the post-war generation is the actual "lost generation." If the volumes under inspection be considered a representative group in contemporary verse, it is evident, I believe, that while keener and sharper intelligences are, generally speaking, at work, the results are atomic rather than cohesive. The visible world exists; a trained and acute mind, as in the cases of Hart Crane, Evelyn Scott, and Babette Deutsch, is set to work to report with fine accuracy and painful intensity the reports of super-subtle senses upon experience in the visible world. Nothing can be more admirably reported, for example, than Miss Scott's poem, "Snow," of which the opening lines are:

> The furred, brown trees,
> On the grey sky,
> Suggest frail patterns on the wings of moths.
> An ivory dew is in the air.
> The soundless dray horse wears a silver comb.
> There are the mouse-steps of the passersby
> Across the silvery ash.

Mr. Cane is on occasion equally acute and veracious: of February in his poem "Frail Light" he says:

> Through the steaming opaque mass
> Frail lemon light may pass
> And pierce the thickest vapors
> That shroud skyscrapers,
> And make a warm aërial alley. . . .

These are notes for a modern painting; and we are once more enmeshed in the *pictura ut poesis* theory. In truth, the fashion has gone so far that, with our enthusiasm for Donne and the seventeenth century intellectualists, the business of reporting the visible world acutely has become a kind

of game in which the moderns strive to outstrip each other in new and dazzling feats of reportorial acumen. Henri Faust, for example, tells us that "the sun blurs on the horizon like a blood clot," that "starsurf washes the ambient grass"; and Babette Deutsch remarks of a September afternoon that "swathes of flushed melon-green slide over silken-dark water," in two poems presents us with her sensations while having a sun-bath, and asks us to imagine, in "November Day," a "sea of amber," upon which "leafless bronze" floats "like masts with charred sails lying furled."

There is little objection to these images, individually considered, but the succession of them, poured forth with intensity by poets determined at any cost to be intense, dazzles the eye, deafens the ear, and deadens the senses. Experience is so nervously conveyed that there is no climax because there is no resting point. Organic unity is sacrificed to a succession of brilliances depicting a dehumanized and mathematical world. And because the greatest poetry says more than it conveys, because it contains a meaning transcending the sense and the imagery, it seems to me that the pure intellectualist approach, despite the brilliance of its triumphs, is essentially suicidal. That temporary suspension of disbelief which is the essence of poetry is, by reason of the absorption in technique, transformed into the attempt to astonish and compel belief.

In a broad sense this way of writing is imagism—albeit how far we have progressed in psychological subtleties it is possible to measure by re-reading John Gould Fletcher's "Preludes and Symphonies," a volume compounded of his earlier "Irradiations" and "Goblins and Pagodas." These poems "date" not because the artistry is not sound and good (despite Mr. Fletcher's over-apologetic preface), but because intellection has carried us far beyond the symbolists with whom Mr. Fletcher confesses that he began. Or another way to measure is to compare the "Imagist Anthology: 1930" with the earlier issues. Almost none of the contribu-

tors now clings closely to the original program of the movement. For one thing it is a little absurd to go back to 1913 when "people made noises like guns and steam drills and sand-paper machines." Almost all of the contributors to the new volume seem to be hunting for a philosophy; and a number of them are obsessed by the sexuality of love—the deepest and most characteristic weakness of the modern movement. For love, too, has got itself involved in the mechanical universe to which poetry has been driven.

Against this brilliant, metallic, and mathematical universe, so hard, so inhuman, against this perpetual exploitation of the senses, there comes inevitably a movement of reaction. Consciously or unconsciously, the poets seek to populate a universe empty except of color and sound. Accordingly, while Mr. Cane, Mr. Faust, and Miss Scott continue to weave their meticulous images, it is interesting to note how many of the other volumes are concerned with men and women. The "Selected Poems" of Mr. Percy, somewhat old-fashioned and rhetorical in the romantic manner, sings of Sappho and Enzio, Keats and Calypso. Mr. Rice, with his extraordinary attraction to painful emotions, once again poses his characteristic tragedies against a world in which he has little faith, but which he sees philosophically rather than sensorily. Miss Hoyt, in her "Leaves of Wild Grape," a work of talent at any rate, traces maternal emotions from the meeting of the lovers through the babyhood of the child. Miss Mullins is interested in Shakespeare and Titania, Louise de la Vallière, George Sand and Chopin. And together with this return to men and women as the center of poetry, it is noteworthy that there is a return to disciplined form and to narrative.

Perhaps Rachel Field's "Points East," another product of the eternal New England renaissance, is the farthest removed from the intellectualist position. Her blank verse tales, in which the clipped speech of sea-coast people mingles oddly with romantic narrative, are scarcely a part

of the tradition which has produced Mr. Cane. For that matter, the pleasant lyrics of Mr. Malam in "Upper Pasture" (another New Englander) are in the general tradition of Georgian poetry, and the broad descriptive poems of Mr. Dresbach, who paints the Southwest in "The Wind in the Cedars," owe little to intellectualism. There are, in short, three major currents in this verse—the advanced or radical tendency, the poetry of personality and philosophy, the traditional or standard notion of poetry as immediately intelligible song.

If one were to ask himself how these three might commingle in a particular artist, it would be useful to compare Miss Deutsch's "Fire for the Night" with Mr. Clarke's "The Hasting Day." Mr. Clarke is in the honorable but unexciting academic tradition. One has every respect for his volume, but it is not for the reader of modern poetry an absorbing book. Miss Deutsch, on the contrary, has fused in her art the standard forms, an awareness of the new intensities of contemporary poetry, an interest in emotion and personality; and if she lacks the narrative interests of others, she has at any rate the dramatic quality—a quality which has led her to write a sequence of sonnets on the fall of man. It seems to me that in many respects therefore she is the most representative talent in the group; so that, if we ask ourselves what the future of poetry is to be, we must say that it lies in the direction she is travelling rather than in the direction Mr. Clarke is going. Old wine in new bottles is an unsafe recipe; there is some hope, however, that in poetry new wine can be poured into bottles which, if they are not precisely old, are at any rate not eccentric. The intellectualist revolt has sharpened our sense of poetical precision; old traditions of form may, it is just possible, keep us out of anarchy.

THE NEW LAUREATE

By James Southall Wilson

IN THE appointment of John Masefield as poet laureate to fill the vacancy made by the death of Robert Bridges there is a representative significance. In the "Poems (Complete in One Volume)" there is an introduction to "Part One" in which Mr. Masefield says that toward the end of the last century a reaction began in poetry among young men who felt "that the poets had gone sufficiently far in their striving for the faultless." He adds of the younger poets that "Often their work has been harsh, violent and ill-considered," but that they constitute "a school of life instead of a school of artifice." " 'The only light which counts for a work of art,' " he quotes Michael Angelo as saying, " 'is the light of the piazza.' " Bridges was a scholar as well as a poet; he wrote some of the most delicately beautiful of modern lyrics, yet most of his work, including his important if not wholly successful "The Testament of Beauty," was "poetry for the few."

Masefield has been vigorous in the humanization of poetry. He too has sometimes been "harsh, violent" but he has always tempered the realistic harshness with an undertone of deep pity and an enveloping atmosphere of beauty. Not even Kipling has done poetry a greater service in bringing it nearer the earth and giving it a new vigor for having sunk its roots into the soil of things. There have been a few poets of the English language who have had the power of treating poetry simply, naturally, humanly: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Burns, Browning, and Masefield. Of these, four—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Browning, and Masefield—are almost the only English poets who have understood the human heart as the masters of fiction understand it. In this, is one of Masefield's special claims to greatness: his power as a poet con-

Poems (Complete in One Volume). By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

sists in part in his being more than a poet. I do not mean by that to refer to his work as a dramatist and novelist. His tragedies have been to a degree successful, and scattered through his several novels—especially "Sard Harker"—are passages of unusual beauty. But Masefield is not important in either field.

John Masefield's work as a poet has been the most diversified of his generation. He has excelled in five very different types of poetry: the singing lyric of his early "Salt-Water Ballads"; the dramatic narrative of red-blooded, sometimes coarse-mouthed realism; the lyric of quiet, contemplative beauty; the romantic narrative ballad; and the dramatic narrative of rollicking, happy English sport life.

There are two epochs in Masefield's life as a poet; the one closed with "August 1914," the other opened with "Reynard the Fox"; and the war lies between. The first poem in his new edition of the collected "Poems" is "A Consecration" and it is his early creed: "Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and the scum of the earth!" Its closing "Amen" marked the sad sincerity with which Masefield worked as a realistic poet; and it was in this period that he won his fame. From the horrible reality of the war, with its reeling atrocities of action and thought he turned to seek relief in romance and the warm glow of happy human hearts at earnest play. In the preface to his collected poems in 1918 he turned from his earlier poetic creed and wrote:

> Perhaps when the war is over . . . one may go back to that life in the mind, in which the eyes of the mind see butterflies and petals of blossoms blowing from the unseen world of beauty into this world. In that life, if it comes again, one may not be too old to look toward that world of beauty, and to see it and tell of it. . . . And though, before the war, when I was writing, I saw little enough of that land, life is kind and wise and generous, and perhaps in that new time, I may see more, and be able to tell more, and know in fuller measure about the world and those people existing forever over in England, the images of what England and the English may become and spiritually are. Chaucer and Shake-

speare, some lines of Gray, of Keats, of Wordsworth and of William Morris, the depth, force, beauty and tenderness of the English mind are inspiration enough and school enough and star enough to urge and guide in any night of the soul, however wayless from our blindness or black from our passions and our follies.'

The poetic expression of this new "consecration" is found in his two-sonnet sequence "On Growing Old" beginning, "Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying."

The "Salt-Water Ballads," which introduced Masefield to his public, will probably always be popular. They are very derivative, and in trying to do for the English tar what Kipling has done for Tommy, he shows the older poet's influence. The four splendid realistic narrative poems, all written around 1911 and 1912, and the shorter "The River," first fully demonstrated Masefield's genius and remain, I think, his most significant work. "The Everlasting Mercy" won literally a shocking reputation for its author. The first canon of art that must be accepted, if one is to enjoy Masefield's realistic poems, is that a poem is to be considered as a whole rather than by parts. So judged, the central conception of this poem has both rough strength and the exquisite beauty of the lily flowering from the muck. "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "The Daffodil Fields" are full of a rough passion too, but few poems have so completely possessed the power to evoke the magic that comes . . .

> When the light gentles and the wind is soft,
> And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.

"Dauber" does less violence to the conventionalities of poetic taste and the poet's descriptive power has the sea for its range. It can not be said of poetry as Dauber himself said of painting . . .

> It's not been done, the sea, not yet been done,
> From the inside by one who really knows.

In his second period, Masefield the realist has given way to Masefield the romanticist. Now that we have all his

work in one big volume it is noticeable how slightly the work of the younger poet is suggested by the romantic narratives, "Enslaved" and "South and East," or the Arthurian poems, and lovely as they are they seem pale and feeble by the vividness of the realistic narratives. Perhaps it is wrong to compare "Part One" and "Part Two" of the "Poems." There is one vein at least that continues into this later section. Some of the personal poems, especially in the sonnet form, are as rich in color and feeling as any verse of recent years. There is the same quiet strength of creative originality that made "Biography," "Ships," "August, 1914," and the "Sonnets" of the earlier years poems that place their author among the masters in the older traditions of poetic form.

The two poems, though, that give the greatest individuality to the second section of the volume are "Reynard the Fox" and "Right Royal." In them Masefield achieved a new effect—a popular one and yet one in harmony with English traditions, literary as well as racial. And perhaps those two exciting narratives of the fox hunt and the steeple-chase best testify to the appropriateness of John Masefield's appointment as laureate. In the era since 1914 such a poem as "Reynard," in which (to quote the Introduction to "Part Two") are brought "together on terms of equality all sorts and conditions of the English people," is more suitable to the King's poet than a welcome to a sea-king's daughter who is to marry a prince.

John Masefield is past fifty: there is no guess as to what he has yet to say. He has always been unpredictable—an uneven poet of a great diversity of powers. It may be that he will only repeat the unimportant and unexciting beauties of his recent poems on that theme which has been the Lorelei of so many poets. It may be that he may prove his philosophy that "The days that make us happy make us wise" by finding new themes that will show his creative powers at their height.

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sian girl of the Junker tradition. Just arrived are two more novels from abroad which promise highly: *Jean Cocteau's* "Enfants Terribles" (Brewer and Warren. $2.50) and *Ilya Ehrenbourg's* "Jurenito" (Covici-Friede. $2.00). And for those who like their foreign novels strong and meaty there are *Maxim Gorki's* "Bystander" (Cape and Smith. $3.00) and *Robert Neumann's* "Flood" (Covici-Friede. $3.00). Before I leave fiction I want to say that *Eugene Löhrke's* "Armageddon" (Cape and Smith. $5.00) is a very fine selection of the best that has been written in war books, presented in a manner to show the whole dramatic sweep of the war. Two other war books that escape the usual pattern are *David King's* "Ten Thousand Shall Fall" (Duffield. $2.50) and *Charles Yale Harrison's* "Generals Die in Bed" (Morrow. $2.50)—the latter is a very good example of forceful impressionistic writing. Neither are for the very squeamish!

For those who have been in the advance guard of literature during the past fifteen years there could be no more entertaining book of reminiscences than *Margaret Anderson's* "My Thirty Years War" (Covici-Friede. $4.00) which tells, along with her story, the history of the Little Review, which shocked the country with "Ulysses" and the early work of numerous other authors who have since become famous. Most of her life seems to have been a struggle to get money to publish her magazine—money which it always seemed impossible to get and which finally, somehow, appeared. A more serious addition to modern literary history is "The Later Years of Thomas Hardy, 1892-1928," by his wife, *Florence Emily Hardy* (Macmillan. $5.00). This is the second volume from *Mrs. Hardy's* pen, and it takes Hardy's life from the controversy over "Tess" to his death. For literary detective work, "Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet" (Little, Brown. $8.00) adds another wreath to the brow of *Leslie Hotson,* who discovered them through the same resort to the law records that turned to light the story of the death of Marlowe. Along with these letters should certainly

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go "Seventeen Letters of Lord Byron" (Covici-Friede. $7.50), the text of which is derived from an edition of Byron's unpublished letters which was suppressed in 1872. The editor is *Walter Edwin Peck*—Shelley's biographer, by the way!

Among the biographies of the historical great, *Karl Tschuppik's* "Francis Joseph I" (Harcourt. $3.75) appealed to me both as a sympathetically drawn portrait and as a background for modern European history. Two good books to place beside this story of the downfall of the Hapsburgs are "Krupp" (Dial. $5.00), a collection of the letters of the founder of the German iron dynasty, and *Valentine Thomson's* "Briand: Man of Peace" (Covici-Friede. $5.00) —the first because Krupp symbolizes all the forces that led to the fall of the Hapsburgs, and the second because it is a vivid and journalistic, though slightly over-laudatory, biography of the type of statesman who has succeeded Francis Joseph. . . . A new "life" which will need no introduction from Peter Quince to the thousands who read his "Life of Christ," is *Giovanni Papini's* "Saint Augustine" (Harcourt. $3.00), which I haven't read and probably shall not. I find it much more amusing to re-read *Anthony Hamilton's* "Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont" (Dutton. $3.50) in its new edition, and re-discover the whole delightful world of late seventeenth century England and France. Also I am looking forward to *Robert P. Tristram Coffin's* "Laud: Storm Center of Stuart England" (Brentano's. $3.50), of which I expect great things.

In this country, biography and reminiscences seem to have gone the way of antique hunting. A good example of early American in the biographical field is *James L. Lockwood's* "Seth Harding, Mariner" (Yale Press. $3.00), the story of a—to me—unknown revolutionary hero. The West of the wild days seems to have been particularly favored this spring: witness such books as *Edwin L. Sabin's* "Wild Men of the Wild West" (Crowell. $2.50), *Stuart Henry's* "Con-

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quering Our Great American Plains" (Dutton. $5.00), *Don Lee Sage's* "The Last Rustler: The Autobiography of Don Lee Sage" (Little, Brown. $3.00), and *George Hugh Banning's* "Six Horses" (Century. $4.00)—this last is a yarn by the last of the stage coach drivers. A still earlier chapter in the history of America is related in *Benedict Fitzpatrick's* "Donjon of Demons" (Holt. $3.00), which tells the story of the life and death of the Jesuit Father Brebeuf, one of the early French missionaries to the Huron Indians in the eighteenth century. And the building up of the West may be seen in an altogether charming light in *Sister Monica's* "The Cross in the Wilderness" (Longmans, Green. $3.50), which is the story of pioneer Ohio as seen from the vantage point of an Ursuline Convent founded there in the 1840's.

The phenomenon of the ex-patriate is one of the most significant in the modern American literary scene, and that fact alone makes *Matthew Josephson's* "Portrait of the Artist as American" (Harcourt. $3.00) a good book to read, because it is primarily a study in why American artists leave home. There are chapters on James, Adams, Hearn, and the contemporary ex-patriates. *Harvey Wickham's* "The Unrealists" (Dial. $3.50), with its attacks on modern philosophers, carries on the author's fight against modernism which he started in "The Misbehaviorists" and "The Impuritans" (Dial. $3.50 each). *Stefan Zweig* has also continued his line of critical studies in "Three Masters" (Viking. $3.00), the three being Dickens, Balzac, and Dostoevski. If you want to test your critical powers even further, try *Arthur O. Lovejoy's* "The Revolt Against Dualism" (Norton. $4.00) or *Helen Huss Parkhurst's* "Beauty" (Harcourt. $4.50). *Sir Sidney Lee's* "Elizabethan and Other Essays" are good reading of a sober and literary kind, and for general wisdom in the ways and means of getting the most out of books I can recommend *A. R. Orage's* chatty and delightful "The Art of Reading" (Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50).

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Chapel Hill Books for Spring 1930

THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SHERIFF

By Cyrus Harreld Karraker

A neglected subject is treated in this book, which contains important illustrative documents never before published. The sheriff is dealt with as a central theme to illustrate the fact that local government in colonial Virginia and Maryland went back, more than is ordinarily believed, to English origins. $2.50

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Clarence C. Norton

This book deals with the Democratic Party mainly in those important political years from 1835-1860 and with the significant issues that culminated in the Civil War. It is enlightening for those who want to know party history and to understand much of the party machinery familiar to us today. $3.00

MATERIALS FOR THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

By Pierce Butler

A fresh gathering of source material, readably presented. The most important contemporary opinion and documents are assembled and given in modern English. For the reader and lover of Shakespeare, as well as for the serious student. $2.00

SOME SOUTHERN COTTON MILL WORKERS AND THEIR VILLAGES

By Jennings J. Rhyne

A first-hand study of 500 families employed in the mills in Gaston County. Made before the strike began, it represents the "normal" picture, dealing with factual matter about the makeup of the mill family. Published for the Institute of Research in Social Science, under the direction of Dr. Howard Odum. $2.50

NORTH CAROLINA: Economic and Social

By Samuel Huntington Hobbs, Jr.

A model of home-state studies: resources (physical, mineral, power, soils, etc.), wealth, debt, taxation, transportation, highways, population elements, industry, farming, education, illiteracy, financial institutions, county and state government, public welfare, and the outlook for the future. With many charts, maps, and tables, as well as excellent references for supplementary reading. $3.00

INCOME AND WAGES IN THE SOUTH

By Clarence Heer

The agricultural population of the Southern states receives a per capita income that is two-fifths lower than that of the corresponding classes in the rest of the country. In the present brief study the author finds that this is the basic explanation of the low Southern wage scale in *all* forms of gainful occupation. $1.00

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It is not surprising to see a modern novelist turn sociologist, but *Floyd Dell* has done it with unusual success in "Love in the Machine Age" (Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50) —at least to my taste. It is an honest analysis of sex relations in modern life, and it steers a middle course between the conservative and the ultra-modern. "The New Love and the Old," by *Willard Walker* (Liveright. $3.50), which I haven't read, is another treatment of the same subject. . . . A book which will outlast this generation as a record of high heroism in the face of terrific hardships is *Apsley Cherry-Garrard's* "The Worst Journey in the World" (Dial. $5.00), which is a record, by one of the party, of the ill-fated Scott Expedition to the South Pole in 1910-13. Those who followed the Byrd Expedition should read it to find out what the Antarctic was like without the modern explorers' equipment. Adventure of a lighter sort which should particularly interest Southern readers is recorded in *Kent* and *Margaret Lighty's* "Shanty Boat" (Century. $3.50)—the story of a voyage down the Mississippi in a house-boat by two care-free young journalists.

Among the books of poetry which should especially interest readers of the Quarterly is "Released" (North Carolina Press. $1.00), the first book of verse of *Anne Blackwell Payne*, whose lyrics the Quarterly has printed from time to time. The most discussed volume in the current American poetry this season has been *Hart Crane's* "The Bridge" (Liveright. $2.50)—none of my friends has read it! The handsomest volume I've seen since *Robert Bridges'* "The Testament of Beauty" (Oxford. $3.50) is *Richard Aldington's* "Love in the Luxembourg" (Covici-Friede. $10.00). The poem has beauty of an unusual kind, and though it tells the simple story of an unconventional love episode unconventionally, its restraint should keep it inoffensive even to Victorian taste. "Pilgrim Paths," by *Mary Coles Carrington* (The Bookfellows. $2.00), is in an older tradition and will find its readers among those who have not found the

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FACT *versus* FICTION

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newer trends of verse congenial. A pleasing book to own is *Frank Ernest Hill's* rendering of "The Canterbury Tales" (Longmans. $3.50): the Prologue, four tales, the Book of the Duchess, and six lyrics are effectively made over into modern English verse.

I've always wanted some expert to psychoanalyze Peter Quince's handwriting! I'm thinking now of trying it since reading *Robert Saudek's* "Experiments With Handwriting" (Morrow. $5.00), a book for the general reader by one of the leading experts. It is a big book, a serious one, and it convinces one of the really interesting and valuable deductions that can be made from a study of the way men write. More entertaining is "Word Shadows of the Great," by the famous autograph collector, *Thomas F. Madigan* (Stokes. $5.00). It is richly illustrated with facsimiles and is a romantic story of the excitement of the chase as well as a practical handbook for the collector. *Mr. Madigan* tells of one Poe letter that jumped in a few years from $1,000 to $19,500 a year ago. He lists the current prices of autograph letters by Presidents from some that bring only five or ten dollars to Washington's at $350 upwards. For special students *Samuel A. Tannenbaum* has written "Shakespeare and 'Sir Thomas More'" which studies handwriting from another slant. . . . While I think of special studies, there comes to mind a notable collection of the early writings of J. G. Whittier, "A Study of Whittier's Apprenticeship as a Poet, 1825-35," by *Frances Mary Pray* (Pennsylvania State College). It is a book students of literature must see. "Thomas Chatterton The Marvellous Boy," by *Esther Parker Ellinger* (Pennsylvania Press. $2.00) is a valuable study, too, with facsimiles. Quite different from any of these books is "The Gift of Genius," by *Beverley R. Tucker* (Stratford. $2.50), in which an authority on nervous and mental diseases undertakes as a specialist to diagnose the cases of the great and peculiar in history and literature. Its value lies in its author's experience as a neurologist.

—PETER QUINCE

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